

# REVEAL DIGITAL

---

The Seed

Source: *Reveal Digital*, 10-15-1969

Contributed by: ARMANDO; YOSSARIAN; B. Marshall; Marshall Rosenthal; TERRY; CAMILLE; Abe Peck; DMN; O. F.; Linn; Marshall Rosenthal; "Anne O'Brien"; Manuel Parra; R. CRUMB

Stable URL: <https://www.jstor.org/stable/community.28044490>

---

Licenses: Creative Commons: Attribution-NonCommercial

JSTOR is a not-for-profit service that helps scholars, researchers, and students discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content in a trusted digital archive. We use information technology and tools to increase productivity and facilitate new forms of scholarship. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

This item is openly available as part of an Open JSTOR Collection.

For terms of use, please refer to our Terms & Conditions at <https://about.jstor.org/terms/#whats-in-jstor>



JSTOR

*Reveal Digital* is collaborating with JSTOR to digitize, preserve and extend access to *Reveal Digital*



VOL. 4 NO. 8

NOV. 7-20 35¢

# THE SEED

STOP  
THE  
TRIAL!



STOP  
THE  
WAR!



STOP  
THE  
POLLUTION!



STOP  
THE  
BULLSHIT!



STOP  
EVERYTHING!





# CHICAGO SEED

Welcome to Volume 4, Number 8 of the Chicago Seed, published every two weeks by Seed Publishing, Inc., 2551 N. Halsted, Chicago, Ill. 60614. Phone 929-0133 for information and hello, and 929-0134 for ads and subscriptions. Subscription rates are still \$6 for 26 issues, and ad rates will be sent on request. We're months behind in reading unsolicited manuscripts, but we still invite them and ask that you be patient with us. (Look how patient we are with you!) Enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope if you ever want to see your work again.

This issue was made by Wanderoo, Armando, Marshall Rosenthal, Rick, Eliot Wald, George, Judy, Linda, Abe Peck, Al Rosenfeld, Keith Lampe, Linn of Newsreel, Yossarian, Bernard Marshall, R. Crumb, Camille, and Donovan and the Street Gang. Special thanks Ancient Seedlings Colin Pearlson, Earl Segal and Harry DeWar who were here when we needed them.

Last issue's cover ("Funny You Don't Look Like A Glutton") was a satire on an ad for the American National Bank, "The Idea Bank." Their headline read "Funny You Don't Look Like a Revolutionary", and asked that you join the Idea Revolution at the American National Bank.

Well, the funnier thing was that the American National Bank called here last week, and a member of their public relations department told us our cover was "Fantastic! A beautiful play on establishment advertising." They asked for the original art work and we refused to sell out for less than \$250 ("It's not whether you sell out that's important, it's when and for how much." — Abbie Hoffman).

We asked the PR man what had prompted them to produce their ad. "We were down at the ad agency" he said, "having a skull session and were looking for a tongue-in-cheek approach to promote this new credit card, you know, a play on establishment values to attract young people, and we hit on this "Revolutionary" idea." We asked if they planned to do a "Ho Ho Ho Chi Minh" ad for Christmas, and they got a good laugh out of that, then offered us a job.

"Has our cover changed any of your ideas down there," we asked? "Don't you believe it," he chuckled.

## DOPE...

We reported last issue that the Righteous Raisin, a headshop on Jonquil Terrace near Paulina, is owned by a State Narcotics Investigator named Bob Kahn. This is not true as far as public records reveal, and we now publicly retract that statement. The headshop is owned by Robin Bergeman.

In the same story we reported that Home, a headshop at 3304 W. Foster is owned by Sol Shapiro who was pointed out to us as having been an informer. We have since been informed that Mr. Shapiro denies being a Narcotics agent. The Seed did not state that Mr. Shapiro was a Narcotics agent.

Seed	2551 N Halsted	929-0133
Rising Up Angry	(phone being installed)	
Second City	2120 N Halsted	549-8760
Conspiracy	28 E Jackson	427-7773
Student Mob	9 S Clinton	236-1895
SDS	1608 Madison	666-3874
Newsreel	2440 N Lincoln	248-2018
Print Co-op	6710 N Clark	973-0219
Rev. Auto Co-op	3855 N Ashland	528-5112
Black Panther Party	2350 W Madison	243-8276
Concerned Citizens	2512 N Lincoln	348-6842
Mental Health Clinic	1900 N Sedgwick	642-3531
VD Clinic	27 E 26th St	842-0222
LSD Rescue		338-6750
Grace Church (runaways)	555 W Belden	549-1002
Cadre	519 W North	664-6895
Hyde Pk Anti-Draft	5615 S Woodlawn	363-1248
No.Shore Anti-Draft		475-2660
Lawndale Assn.		636-7715
Amer. Friends	407 S Dearborn	427-2533
ACLU	6 S Clark	236-5564
Law Student Comm.	357 E Chicago	649-8462
Peoples' Law	2156 N Halsted	929-1880
Police	(request district)	922-4747
Police Emergency		PO5-1313
Audy Home	2240 W Roosevelt	633-2300
Cook County Jail	26th&California	523-0101
Ombudsman	Box 8080, Chi 60680	744-8080

# MARCH ON WASHINGTON NOVEMBER 15 TO BRING ALL THE TROOPS HOME NOW!



IT WOUND IT'S WAY OUT OF THE HAIGHT AND THE EAST VILLAGE TO THE PENTAGON AND THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION; FINALLY, THREE MONTHS AGO, THE STRANGE BEAST SLOUCHED TOWARD BETHEL TO BE BORN.

It's finally irrevocably alive now, inside all our heads, waiting for the second incarnation. It could be Washington in the middle of November. An unlikely place, an unlikely time with an unlikely climate, our nation incarnate may, just may, explode all over the Capitol of the Nation, gobbling up the Justice Department and other miscellaneous institutions with a carnivorous passion for the death of old institutions, old laws, and old ways of life.

The rap is simply Everybody's Going. The promise is a thousand circuses casting brilliant light on all the dying institutions of the country. Each circus different, each circus joining together in a massive assault on the War, the old men who run it, and the old system that supports it. The whole gang will be there: The Yippies, the Mobilization, Everybody-and-his-mother-for-Peace, the Hog Farm, The Black Panthers, underground papers, GI's, the Moratorium people, the Conspiracy, families and communes from all over, you, me, and all our brothers and sisters.

Of course it won't be a Woodstock. That's been done. Our nation, the beast first incarnated at Woodstock, is capable of many reincarnations and many costumes (costumes! Lots of costumes). This time we're pushing to stop the war, now. Next time may be Miami, a pop festival over Christmas, or maybe the Spring solstice — who knows? Three months is about as long as we here can stand separated from all our brothers and sisters, so we better get it on.

So let's get down to business. Survival. Provisions are vague at this point — the Mobe can supply some housing, but not enough. Hog Farm, Diggers, and other Feed-the-masses groups will be there; no one knows what their resources will be. But, as we all know, trumpeting of alarm over lack of survival provisions in Chicago, Woodstock, etc were right off. We're learning how to make it on our own. When a Hog Farm cook crashed from exhaustion at Woodstock, two volunteers would take his place. We can do it. We take care of our people, and there's no question about it: How could we do anything else but that? Bring a few bucks, a bedroll — we'll do it.

## GETTING DOWN TO BUSINESS... PART TWO

The schedule looks like this:

Nov. 13, 8 p.m.: The beginning of the March Against Death, single-file, each person bearing the name of an American killed in Nam, from the Arlington National Cemetery, across the Arlington Bridge, around the White House, and to the Capitol Building.

Nov. 14, All Day: The March Against Death continues.

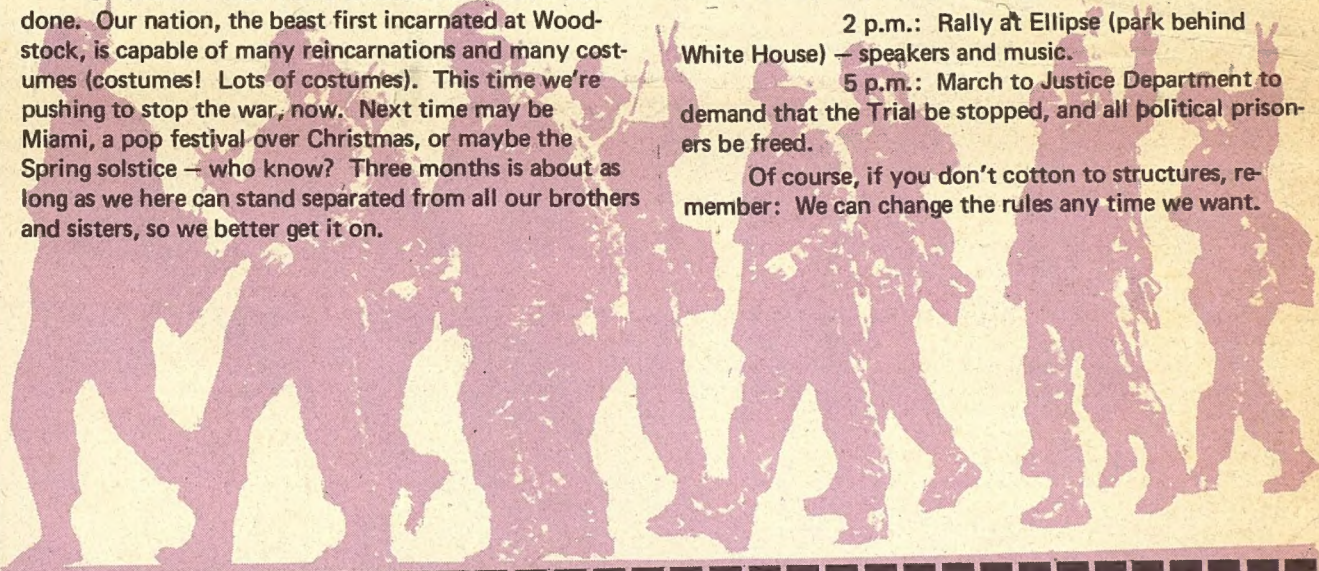
Nov. 15, 9 a.m.: Assemble for mass march at the Mall between Sixth and Third Streets.

11 a.m.: Mass march to the White House led by GI's and March Against Death Participants.

2 p.m.: Rally at Ellipse (park behind White House) — speakers and music.

5 p.m.: March to Justice Department to demand that the Trial be stopped, and all political prisoners be freed.

Of course, if you don't cotton to structures, remember: We can change the rules any time we want.



### Emergency Medical Aid

Georgetown Univ. Hospital	3800 Reservoir Rd.	625-0100
Geo. Washington Univ. Hospital	901 23rd St.	331-0200
The Free Clinic	Wisconsin & Volta Sts.	965-5476

### Legal Aid

ACLU	1424 16th St., NW	483-3830
DC Lawyers Committee	625 Washington Bldg.	737-3544
Student Mobilization Headquarters		393-9262

### Active Groups

Washington Peace Center	2111 Florida Ave.	234-2000
Washington Area Resistance	1620 S. Street	265-2181
New Mobilization	1029 Vermont Ave.	737-8600
Quaker Action Groups	245 2nd St., NE	543-2674
Veterans for Peace in Vietnam	4712 Dover Road	652-7553
Washington DC 9 Defense	1620 S. Street	265-7084
Young Veterans Against War		462-1515
Women's Strike for Peace	2140 P. Street	293-2020
SANE	245 2nd St., NE	546-4868
Young Socialist Alliance		362-0037
Tax Resistance	314 Independence Ave.	544-0878
Women's Intl League for Peace & Freedom		656-5542
SDS—Regional	2327 18th St., NW	332-7183
Serviceman's LINK to Peace	1029 Vermont Ave.	638-4126
New Party		347-9600
Committee of Returned Volunteers	1509 Q. Street, NW	667-3776
Women's Liberation		483-8991
		483-1647
		234-3692

WASHINGTON, D.C. INFORMATION  
CLIP & CARRY



Stop the trial!

The trial of the Conspiracy must be stopped. The trial forfeits its claim to legal justification when the judge gags and chains a man for demanding the right to cross-examine witnesses. It must be hated when the sole basis for the trial is a vague law with no purpose other than repression. It has to end when the government violates its own laws by using wiretap information in defiance of the Supreme Court. It must cease when moral law is usurped by a parade of paid informer after paid informer in a travesty that indicts belief rather than criminal activity.

The trial is no longer a party or a ball game. Judge Hoffman has changed from a benevolent old simpleton into a malevolent representative of a reactionary government that hopes to ice the Eight and create a "chilling effect" on the rest of us. This trial is nothing less than a microcosm of the attempts by federal and local authorities to crush protest and alternative lifestyles in places as far-flung as Buffalo, Berkeley, Detroit, New Haven, Cleveland, New York and Milwaukee, to name but a few.

It is crucial that this trial be stopped. The courts are the fulcrum upon which this system pivots. If these courts did not treat black men and women differently than their white counterparts, if they did not serve up harsher sentences to blue-collar workers than to professionals, if they did not pack freaks away by the carload — if they in fact constituted the impartial, independent judiciary called for by the Constitution, then we would rally behind them as the last bulwark of a rotting government. But the infection has spread, has become epidemic and malignant. It festers beneath the black robes. Pus drips down the hallowed hallways of Federal Buildings and jails across the land. A stench issues from every bond court in the nation, from every police station where cops play bail roulette with your freedom. It decays inside a seventy-four-year-old "justice" appointed for the rest of his life.

Halloween is over, but it is a ghoulish Halloween every day in the courtroom. We see a tyrant masquerading as a judge, and a man made to look like a slave. We see a code of law that wears the mask of fairness, but which actually is as partial as the society that it reinforces in every way. If you accept racism, if you believe that your life-style is less valid than the honk way of zombiedom, if you are stoic enough to resign control over your life to a few men until the day they muff it and blow us all up — if you believe that this is the way it should be, then run down and defend the court. If not, Stop the Trial.

The trial of the Conspiracy is a political trial, yet the judge and the prosecution object whenever the defense tries to talk about why people fell into the trap last year. Their strategy must be beaten. If the Battle of Michigan

Avenue and the attacks on Lincoln Park exposed the reality of police in America, then this trial must be de-mythologized and used to show what American courts are about.

It is not a jury trial; the judge's final instructions will shape the verdict.

It is not a fair trial, the defense is forbidden from introducing the kind of activist and cultural testimony that the Oakland Seven used to prove their innocence before higher law.

It is not even a trial in the sense that we understand the word; Bobby Seale's defense has come through layers of tape and gauze, and the judge has blocked every effort to haul Daley, LBJ, Mitchell and the rest of the boys onto the stand to determine the identity of last year's conspirators.

I won't go into what has happened to date — it is too difficult to remember. The sight of Bobby Seale, heroic and defiant through the shit that they cover him with, blots out all the Red Squad's lies and informer fantasies. The one thing that has to be understood, has to be felt and breathed and believed as true, is that Bobby Seale did not "interrupt" or voice "violent outbursts." Every riff blown by Bobby has been to insist on his constitutional right to defend himself or to protest his being libeled.

It was Wednesday, October 29th. The courtroom vibe was very heavy. The judge had threatened Bobby with restraints. Before the trial started on that day, Bobby rose and told a large number of youngbloods in the spectators' section to "hold your cool" and not fuck around no matter what went down. Only after making this position crystal-clear did he mention the Point of the Black Panther Party Program that allows for self-defense in case of attack.

When the judge entered the courtroom, U.S. Attorney Richard Schultz whose whole identity reminds you of the kid who used to turn you in for smoking in the bathroom and then go off for a few drags himself, rapped that Bobby had CONSPIRED with the gallery to "charge the judge." There was no mention of "hold your cool" until long after Bobby had run to the podium to tell the truth. Schultz knew that the judge would believe him rather than some uppity defendant, and that "attack talk" would push him closer to the impass that led to Bobby's being bound and gagged that afternoon.

The Sun-Times wrote about "interruptions" instead of rights.

Reuters dispatched a bulletin about Bobby hitting Schultz.

The Tribune congratulated the judge after the gagging.

Keep this in mind the next time they ask you to believe them. Keep this in mind if the detente established on November 3rd breaks down and Bobby is reshackled and regagged.

Continued to page 17

## STOP THE TRIAL





Some folks we know are changing around a bit on the Weatherman action. Yeah, they fucked up a lot, yeah, they chose the wrong targets, but they did do it. They delivered when they said they would. The Weatherman action was no secret - hundreds of thousands of leaflets went out talking about "tearing up Pig City," "Bringing the War Home" etc. Just because the city administration and the media were taken by surprise doesn't mean that the warning wasn't there. Lots of people knew what the Weathermen said was going to happen; although the Weathermen were wrong in their prediction of the amount of destruction that would take place, they were every bit as determined and aggressive as they said they would be.

Now that the original shock has worn off. The lurid headlines filed in the backs of our heads rather than glowing from our foreheads like they did immediately after the action, we can begin to really assess what went down. A lot of people dig them because it seems they gave as good as they got. Elrod, of course, got hurt worse than any of the Weathermen. But outside of Elrod most cops only got lacerations and bruises, with a couple broken bones, while Weathermen got the lacerations and bruises plus dozens of broken bones, a few gunshot wounds, all kinds of teeth knocked out, etc. So in a Vietnam-style body count assessment, a fucking depressing and morbid way to evaluate the movement, Weatherman definitely lost.

But of course over and above how much each side could batter the other, we have to consider arrests. There were about 300 in all, about three-fourths of them actual Weathermen. Of the Weatherman busts about half were for felonies. As far as busts go, the man is the uncontested winner - the best we can hope for is a tie. Nobody has yet devised a way to bust a cop and take him into our custody, much less a Daley or a Nixon. All we can now do is defend ourselves. And the Weathermen, accustomed to an offensive stance, are finding the courts a hard problem to deal with in any kind of Weatherstyle. If they do manage to beat their raps, a large chunk of their offensive style will be vindicated.

What they have seized upon as their chief offensive weapon is an Illinois statute that requires that the prosecution be ready to go to trial within 120 days of the time that the defense is. Based on the provision

in the Bill of Rights, guaranteeing a speedy trial, this statute infrequently gets defendants off if the prosecution fucks up, is lazy, forgets, loses the records, etc. which they do often enough in Cook County. Usually, though, the defendant asks for the continuances, and they 120 days doesn't start ticking away until the prosecution asks for time. So the Weathermen all showed up in court last week and demanded an immediate jury trial, representing themselves in order to take the strain off the lawyers and to be true to the Weathermen code of personal aggressiveness.

The prosecutors and judges all freaked, one judge remarking "I've got mob action right here in my courtroom!" but it looked like they'll get themselves together within 120 days. And then - surprise! - the Weatherman discovered they'd changed the law, from 120 days to 160 days. Those tricky devils! [When the masters make the rules, for the wisemen and the fools...] So it looks grim. It has worked, to some extent, in that about 35 people have gotten off on copping pleas. (a "deal," the way that 85% of all cases are settled, involves pleading guilty to one charge against you and the prosecution dropping the other (s). You get a lighter sentence, and they have to do less work. If all arrests were tried, the courts would be brought to a standstill in a week.) The deals have almost all involved pleading guilty to mob action and getting charges of resisting arrest dropped, with the sentence being time already served waiting for bail plus a fine.

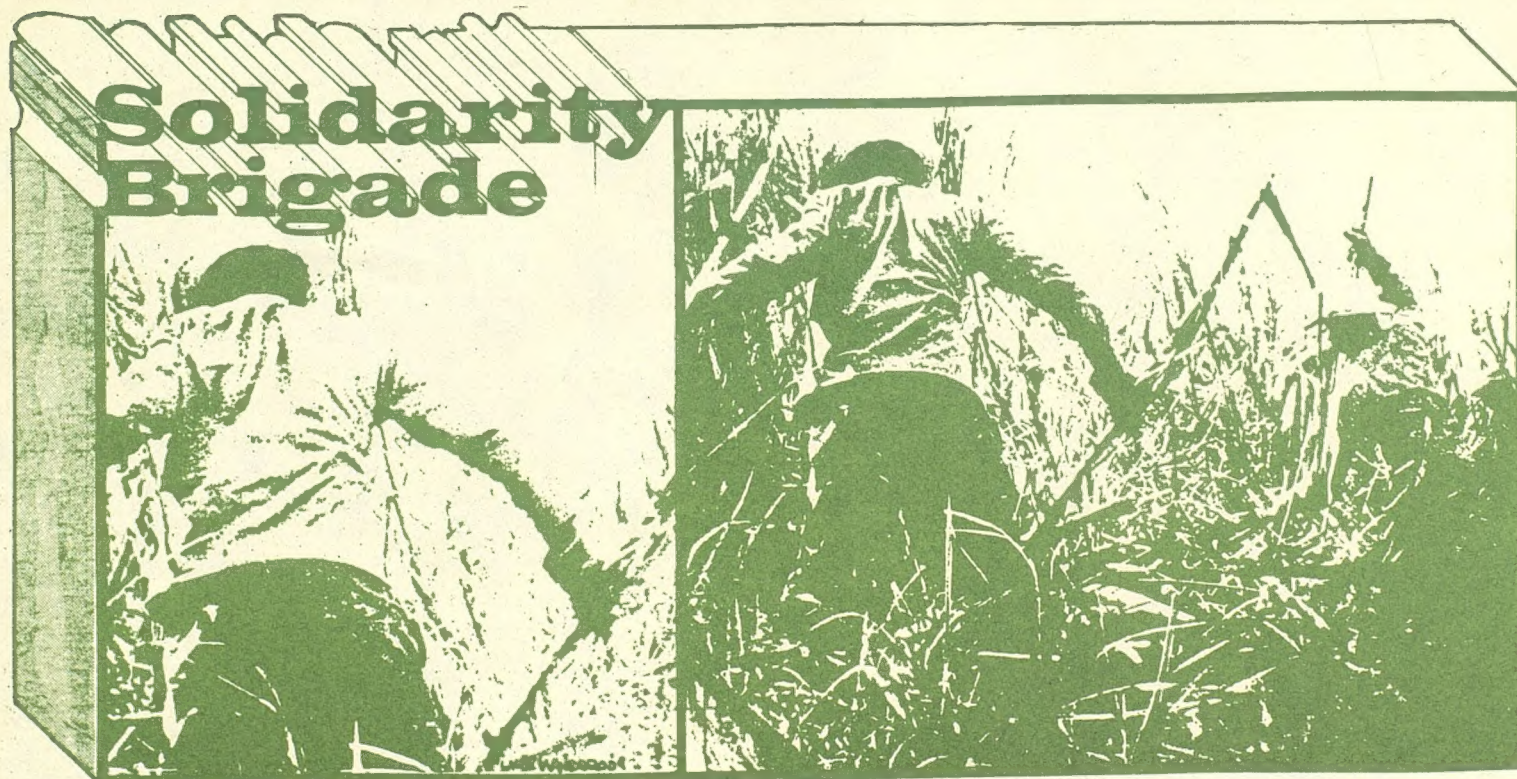
But and here's the really heavy trip - there should be about 125 indictments handed down on Weathermen by Dec. 1. Some of these will merely formalize felony charges already brought against Weathermen; others will be brand new charges based on photos, film, etc. There have already been 23 indictments of Weathermen from the action at the Federal Building Sept. 24. All those were new charges: none of those people got arrested at the place and time that they did their supposed crimes. So there is a prospect of 200 cases, all demanding jury trials, most of which the prosecution will have to dispose of before April 1. Then there's another prospect, that other defendants and lawyers with cases pending will catch on to the jam that the prosecutor's office is in and also demand immediate trials. In that case, the prosecutors would probably sacrifice all kinds of other cases to get the Weathermen;

so at least something would come of it.

If the Weathermen should back down from their offensive strategy, they would have no way of winning: there would be delays, isolation, plea-copping, defendants scattered all over the court system, plus the spectre of forced inactivity for months and months while out on bail as the wheels grind slowly on. There's also the possibility that they'll all go pull another action in the next few months, at which point those who got arrested there would be locked up - no bond - for the duration.

And another thing to watch for - Charlie Siragusa, an old headline hunter from way back, the head of the Illinois Crime Investigating Committee and a possible republican candidate for mayor in '71, was mandated by the Illinois legislature to look into the Weatherman. The possibility exists that he will try to score his law-n-order points in the next year at the expense of the Weathermen. But, party politics being what they are, little cooperation can be expected between Siragusa and Edward Hanrahan, the Democratic State's Attorney and the man who actually charges people with crimes. Neither is it likely that the Democratic Chicago machine will cooperate with the Nixon administration in bringing interstate riot act charges to bear on Weathermen (the law the Conspiracy is being tried on); everybody in the pig structure is looking for law-n-orderly things to do, and no one will let this choice plum out of his hands. The machine of repression is so mouldy, and so beset by internal power-struggle divisions that it's a wonder that they can get it on at all. So far the machinery of repression has been a rhinoceros in the way that it fixes its gaze upon one target (the Conspiracy 8) and then tramples and disregards everything else in its rigid desire to smash what is sets out to get. They are so senescent, so cholesterol-clogged in their uncomprehending, shallow law-n-order rampage that they make public jackasses out of themselves every time they try to crush another group of people. You can't help thinking that they'll find a way to do it this time, too, when all they have to do is cool it and let the Weathermen damn themselves. Almost surely, the porkers in the Cook County State's Attorney's office will find some way to overdo it, to fuck themselves up, to make the Weathermen come out smelling like roses. It's the nature of the pig.

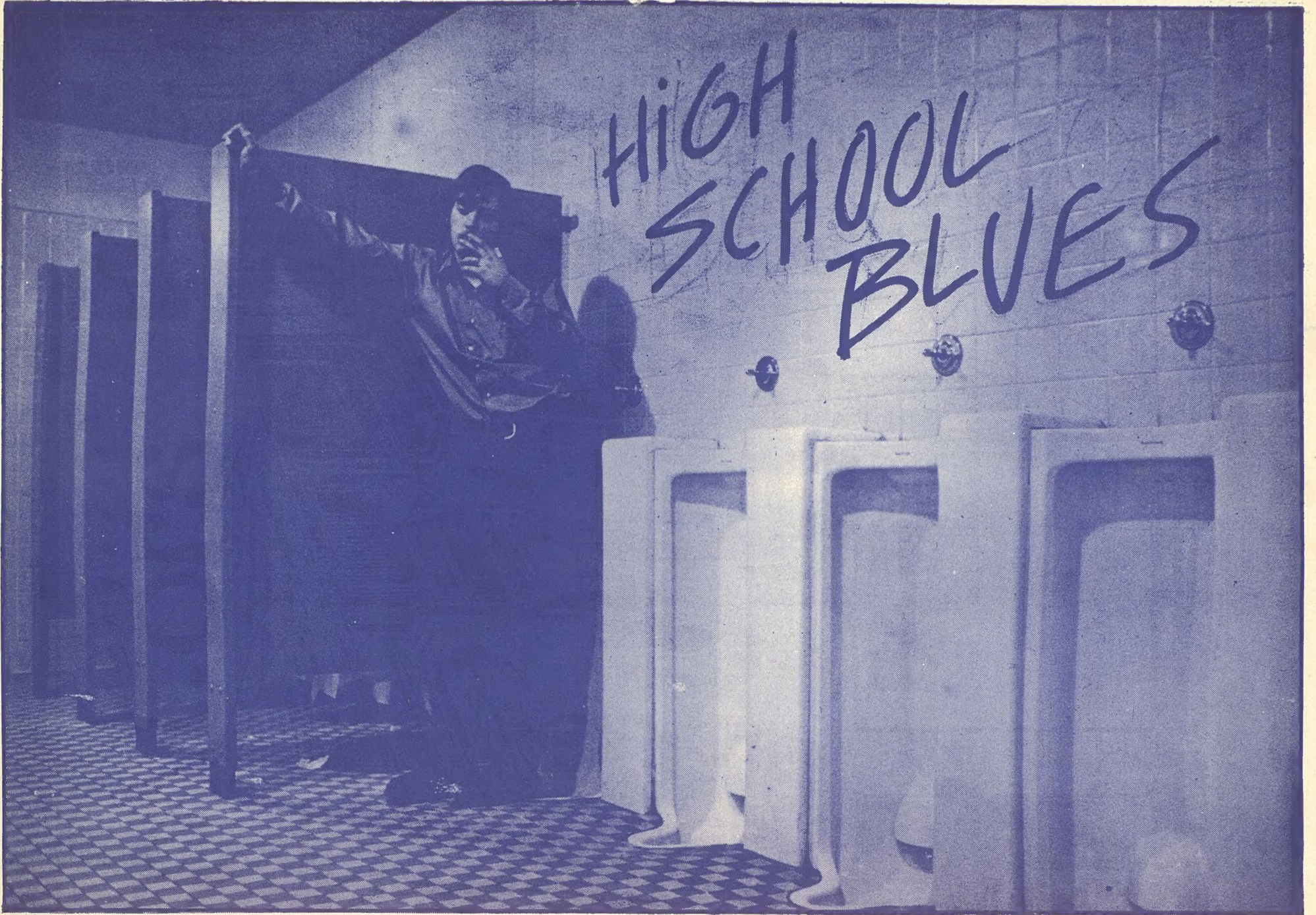
ARMANDO



Go in to Cuba to chop sugar cane for two months, mom. Really? Well, dress warm. But it's really happening. A 600 person brigade of Americans is going to Cuba to help the Cubans harvest their sugar this winter. They're trying to harvest ten million tons this year—an economic milestone for Cuba—and they've invited members of the American movement to come and help them do it. It'll be real socialist work, which means that it will be hard and rewarding. If you dug People's Park, especially if you came and helped work on it, you know that real people's work is something that we don't have much of a chance to do in America. Anybody can punch a time clock or push a pencil or balance a telephone on his shoulder. Working in the sugar fields, ten hours a day, hot Cuban sun (now think of December here) and cool Cuban nights, working with Cubans and Americans to get the sugar in. Ten million tons is almost a sacred vision in Cuba right now—if you go you'll find out how intense it is—and to them inviting 600 Americans down to come help them do it is a deadly serious proposition.

There are two sections going down, one at the end of November and one at the end of January. Each will spend two months in Cuba, working most of the time with some time for traveling around the island. It's all free, won't cost you a cent; you'll get transportation to Montreal and get on a ship there for an eight day sail to Cuba. You'll be guests of the Cuban government, and you should understand what a serious ambassadorship you will undertake; emissaries of the new culture, the new nation, the revolutionary community in America, going to participate in the workings of a revolutionary socialist country. Most things, like telephones, transportation, housing, etc. are free in Cuba; it's a society where most people are unalienated and unfucked up. Anybody and everybody is welcome to apply. It doesn't matter whether you've been in the movement before. All you have to be is ready to learn. For information call the Seed or 666-3874.





I called up the people I know in local high schools to find out what they're doing around the next moratorium, and to my surprise none of the gang had any idea what they were going to do—amazing! Here we have a sure-fire issue to organize around, and here were people who wanted to do something saying, "I hadn't thought about doing any moratorium stuff."

A quick rundown of stuff that was done in high schools on the moratorium. At Glenbrook North, 60 people who were excused with notes from their parents attended a rally-like affair, which featured no speakers but people sitting around talking informally about the war. At Libertyville, there was poster-putting up and poster-tearing down, armband wearing and armband tearing off, and at least one armband beaten up. The wear and tear of armbands was also featured at Wheeling, and probably at more schools which I haven't heard about. Many schools had assemblies and class discussions.

Among the schools that had an (optional) moratorium assembly was Prospect. The assembly was the sole Moratorium event of the day. (Not an uncommon state of affairs.) BUT, it could have been otherwise, and therein lies a valuable lesson in what not to do when given an opportunity to do something in the way of protest.

It seems that there was a group of people there who wanted to do something on that day that anti-war protest was officially okayed, so they had a big meeting and decided to walk out, have a little rally, and then go back in and talk to people about it. Meanwhile, on the other side of town, there was another group of people, and they decided they would have a big march with people from other schools, and a big rally at a park. But they didn't get together until they each had made up all their plans, and then they all threw their hands up in the air and shouted, "You're going to screw the whole thing up!" at each other. Finally, due to the intensity of the conflict, neither. However, better an abortive movement than no movement, and no movement was certainly a more dominant state of affairs. Reasons for this seem to be that there weren't

enough people, or that the people were very untogether, or the people were afraid. What some people have been doing about the last two, at least, is organizing groups around immediate withdrawal, and deciding what to do. This is a handy vehicle to get all sorts of people together, and will give you a good perspective on what stage the anti-war people are at. And its democratic, too.

Other things that are happening; people at Niles are chartering a bus to the Nov. 15 march in Washington; various folk are talking to their administrations about speaking or having them on their own; some are planning to leaflet (If you type up a stencil, Newsreel will print it for you); armbands with a new capacity to withstand the ripping hands of angry jocks will appear; the Eskimo Mobilization Committee is planning rallies; lots of other stuff. Feel free to steal any of these ideas for use at the educational institution of your choice.

Other items: If you're doing an "underground" or "independent" paper, the Chicago area High School Independent Press Syndicate (CHIPS) exists. So far all that's happened with that people mailing their papers to each other (which is useful), but they're trying to arrange a meeting soon. CHIPS % ALTERNATIVE PO Box 275, Naperville, Illinois.

Newsreel has started the Liberation School for high school people who want to learn from experienced movement folk and each other. For the time being, the school will be held on Sundays. Call Newsreel and they'll tell you all about it. (248-2018)

This column's news isn't very comprehensive mostly because my contacts aren't either. It would really be right on, as the brothers and sisters say, if people who can give us the low-down on their schools would call the Seed and tell us their name, number and their school. Using this column to print new on high school activities and such would be out of sight.

YOSSARIAN

### JUNIOR HIGH & MS SIDERICK JUDY HOLIDAY







# Joe Hill

My will is easy to decide,  
For there is nothing to divide  
My kin don't need to fuss and moan—  
"Moss does not cling to rolling stone."

My body?—Oh!—If I could choose  
I would to ashes it reduce,  
And let the merry breezes blow  
My dust to where some flowers grow.

Perhaps some fading flower then  
Would come to life and bloom again.  
This is my last and final will.  
Good luck to all of you.

Joe Hill

On November 19, 1915, after two years of court appeals and international protests, Joe Hill, I.W.W. organizer and balladeer was executed by a firing squad at the Utah State Penitentiary in Salt Lake City. Joe Hill was charged with the murder of a grocer during a robbery on January 10, 1914. The State in its prosecution relied solely on circumstantial evidence: the murder weapon was never found, nor a conclusive witness, either. Hill was arrested because on the same day as the killing he entered a doctor's office with a bullet wound. Shot, he maintained, in a quarrel over the affections of a married woman. The State claimed he was the killer of John Morrison, the grocer and his seventeen year-old son Alving. Merling, Morrison's younger son, testified that his brother had wounded the killer before he was shot.

Hill maintained that his revolver was of a different caliber than the murder weapon, but when police looked through the files of the gun-dealer from whom Hill purchased his weapon they found no record of its caliber.

The Joe Hill murder trial equalled the Sacco-Vanzetti case in arousing outrage at home and abroad. The Governor of Utah received appeals from the Swedish Ambassador and President Woodrow Wilson before Hill was finally executed. All of this for a man who was a Swedish immigrant and a part-time I.W.W. organizer, but a full-time poet and song-writer.

Hill's songs became the rallying cries of thousands of militant workers. They were sung on picket lines from coast to coast, in logging camps and textile mills. Every jail rocked with his tunes. Casey Jones the Union Scab, the Preacher and the Slave, the Tramp, There is Power in a Union, and the Rebel Girl, are among the dozens of songs he wrote, many while he was in jail.

Joe Hill joined the I.W.W. in 1910 in San Pedro, California and became involved in the dock workers'

strike there, the San Diego free speech fight and the unsuccessful wobbly attempt in Tia Juana to transform Baja, California into a workers' commune and a staging area for the revolution in the mother country. He arrived in Salt Lake City about a month before the murder of Morrison, to help the local wobblies stage a free speech fight.

The Joe Hill legend first moved beyond our shores with I.W.W. sailors, but now it has returned in the form of Swedish Movie Director Bo Widerburg, who plans to beat two other Swedish Directors in making a film about Joe Hill. Widerburg directed Elvira Madigan, whose star Thommy Berggren will play Joe Hill, (and be the only professional actor in the film) and, The Adalen Riot's, a semi-documentary about a 1931 strike in the ore fields of northern Sweden.

Widerburg passed through Chicago several weeks ago to talk to I.W.W. members at the National Headquarters, 2422 N. Halsted, about his film. He plans to use Wobblies exclusively in his film and hopes to shoot footage all over the West where Joe Hill spent most of his time. The most spectacular sequence in the film will be the funeral scene, which Widerburg plans to film on location in Chicago along with segments at the Wobbly office and hall on Halsted.

When Joe Hill's body was returned to Chicago it was mourned by 30,000 who marched to Graceland Cemetery for the cremation. Hill's ashes were put into small envelopes and scattered to the winds at major May Day celebrations throughout the world in 1916. His last words as wired to Bill Haywood, the I.W.W. leader, have become memorable: "Goodbye, Bill. I die a true blue rebel. Don't waste time in mourning. Organize."

B. Marshall



## WILL YOU BE NEXT?

On May 13, International Harvester announced the closing of the Tractor Works, currently employing 3400 workers. This is the 3rd IH plant to close in Chicago in 18 years.

In the past 8 years, Harvester profits have increased by 50%, while employment has remained steady. Harvester doesn't have to close Tractor Works. But its \$200,000 a year board chairman thinks he can squeeze out more profits by throwing 3400 workers on the job market.

The tractor workers, after years of union struggle in the UAW, have won some decent pay and working conditions. How many of the men, especially the older ones, will be able to find another decent job? The UAW contract will let some transfer, but what of the others?

All the workers will be hard hit, but the 1600 black workers will be hit hardest. It is harder for them to chase their jobs to the suburbs. This is why it is a racist move for Tractor Works to shut its gates.

With Tractor Works closed, the entire community near the plant will suffer. People of all nationalities and occupations will suffer from the loss of income in the area. Will our city become a better place to live, with more men out of work, and more families facing poverty? WHAT'S IT TO ME?

All over the country, companies are closing down plants and moving to new ones. Needless to say, they don't ever invite the union to move with them. Workers lucky enough to transfer face a big wage cut.

In Canada, 900 workers, backed by a solid labor movement, sat down at McVickers shipyards and forced them to stay open. Workers are starting to fight back at Tractor Works, too. THEY NEED YOUR HELP!!

We invite your help. We will inform you of all developments.

Save the Tractor Works Committee  
%Chicago Labor Today Committee  
343 S. Dearborn, Room 600, Chicago 60604  
922-5560

WORLD'S BEST SUBMARINE SANDWICHES

**the YELLOW SUBMARINE**

909 N. STATE ST. - 944-9621  
Open Daily at 10:00 A.M. / WE  
CLOSE: Sun. - Thurs. Midnight  
Friday 2:30 AM / Sat. 3:30 AM

3582 N. MILWAUKEE - 283-9368  
Monday thru Friday 7:00 AM TO  
10:00 P.M. / SATURDAY 12:00 to  
6:00 P.M. / CLOSED on SUNDAYS

**THE** The ONLY head shop  
on the Far South Side

**MOD SHOP**

ALBUMS

HEAD SUPPLIES

BELL BOTTOMS

Open Daily 1-9  
Sat 1-6

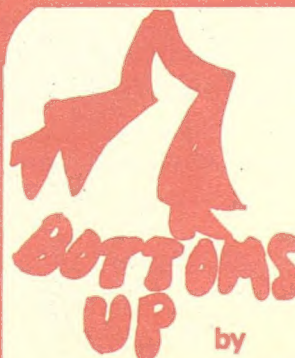
11723 So Michigan Ave  
Chicago  
264-9444



FEATURING

HK

MALE



by  
**WALTERS INC.**  
1359 N WELLS  
OLD TOWN, CHIC.



# ARS BREVIS VITA LONGA

Back then, his moon face beamed with that wry grin of all-knowing parenthood as he threw snide questions at little children, drugged with free trinkets.

He sells soap now, with a sincere smile.

Art Linkletter, culture/commerce-hero of the great American wasteland, cries sincere after the years of pimping his soul on the airwaves. Maddened by the death of his daughter... a daughter he lost years before, he turns self-righteous wrath on "the manufacturers and sellers of LSD... the REAL murderers".

"O unclean, unclean", cries Art, and the rinky-dink American middle-brow responds "Huzzah, drive this pestilence from the face of the earth."

Art blames the 'drug society', Tim Leary, the Beatles....goes to Nixon's house (white) asking Tricky to ACT...rumors fly of a televised debate — Nixon vs. Beatles...(who will be the Beatles make-up man?).

While this scenario is acted out, the government is in the process of passing a new law — the Omnibus Drug Bill. The law is based on the wishful fantasy of the millions of American dopers as misguided children "experimenting" with marijuana as part of another "phase" they are passing through. Users are to be slapped on the wrists (to the accompaniment of "tsk...tsk...tsk") and given another chance to rehabilitate themselves. The other part of the geriatric generation's drug delusion makes the dealers the bogeymen, the predatory pushers lurking on every streetcorner, waiting to ensnare these innocent children with their vicious chemicals. Delusion becomes reality with the stiffer-than-ever penalties that the new drug law prescribes for the seducers and corruptors of America's Youth.

And THEY talk about hallucinations!?!?

The Nixon/Agnew/Linkletter view of the conditions and desires of the 1/3 of the nation under the age of 25 appears to be the product of a heretofore unknown hallucinogen compounded of lost youth, sold-out souls and the bitter drogs of empty lives.

We know better.

We know that this is no "phase", that this is a full-scale revolution against the blind creeping narrowness afflicting the American mentality; the *rigor mortis* passed down from parent to child, and refused by this generation's children. A revolution in which drugs are but a part; a mass, massive desire for liberation on every level, breakthrough on every front, including freedom to travel; free access to every attainable mental state by any means necessary. A Passport stamped 'valid' for Heaven, Hell, and everywhere in between.

We also know that the "pushers" are really ourselves — that the victims of this new law will not be the Mafia smack hierarchy, but culture-brothers carting a few kilos across the border and cross-country, to supply hungry heads at the farthest limits of the dope explosion.

And we will just laugh bitterly when the Art Linkletter fantasy takes a brother off to jail.



Women have been lost amidst an overwhelming tide of men — swallowed up by the "Great White Wail." Well, looks like we've created a rip-roarin' monster. But it ain't our fault; we're the victims.

The traditional conditional line goes: "A woman is not to be considered a person in herself. But the extension of her boyfriend, her husband, and inevitably her children. Never to realize or grasp an identity of her own, but always an identity, primarily and most often exclusively tied to 'her man'."

The "women's" question, as it is mechanically rhetorically called, is something to which we should all give some Serious thought. There seems to be a contradiction between being a human being and being a "woman". I've pondered often, why the hell it is what it is to be a woman. Why are women so desparately unhappy? What IS it that makes a woman happy? What is it that makes a man happy?!

I believe the answer is a kind of self-satisfaction. But a woman is only content for that second when she wishes time would stop and everything could go on exactly as it is forever. She and her man (that is, she's got him). —Love— While a man is free to explore. To dig each minute. Timelessness in a progressive tense. The future is always full o' sunshine, because a man KNOWS (is convinced) that "he runs the show." He's got a hold on his life — and his emotions.

I've conceived alternatives. But they've always seemed doomed to defeat. Things I've sought, I've thought to be, somehow, somewhere out of my reach. True, they were out of my defined confined realm. Fatalism being a drag, I couldn't go on fooling myself— playing the game I was losing. It wasn't real. Just a fantastical, fanatical, psycho-dilik trip. It sure wasn't what I wanted to be. It wasn't what I COULD be. On gettin down to the nitty-gritty, I had to make a decision. We all do.

It's pretty rough at first. You have to make sacrifices, sure. It ain't easy being liberated in un-liberated territory. But you begin to feel a confidence you didn't know you had. You get to know a person you'd only said "high" to. You use those opportunities, and make real that potential and the possibilities that are just waiting for you to take up. You become creative (you always have been), you do the things you've always wanted to do but never had the guts to — always wanted to hitch to the Coast; finally did it; dug it! Yet, I know it's hard to forget after so many years of studying to learn the "correct" feminine role:

You're wrapped in a pink blanket and "it's a girl." From then on your part's written — requisites for the position: "Be pretty, be phony, be submissive; be a wife, be a homemaker — be dumb. Sew, cook, do every menial thing; every thought with 'him' in mind, westinghouse machine style. Forget about your/self— because you don't have one anymore. The thought of losing him is death itself. You don't have the right to a life of your own. Remember that: it's I M P T."

We're taught, oh yes, we're trained well for our role of computer-wife-life. And to question that, questions your WOMANHOOD ITSELF! Well, I admit, I gotta question this society's definition of a woman. It's absurd.

The women's question, however, is not merely applicable to women. Men too are subjected to this similar but differently hued premise: "Blue blanket— 'It's a boy.' You're the HEE-RO. Boys don't cry. Fight, fight, you're the protector. You're the brains and brawn, the pants of the family. The breadmonger."

Dig it? So men go through a lot of the same shit that we do. They are taught by the same professors to be "superior" manic machines. So, in order for them to keep their heads, them being UP, they try to keep us DOWN.

Continued to page 20

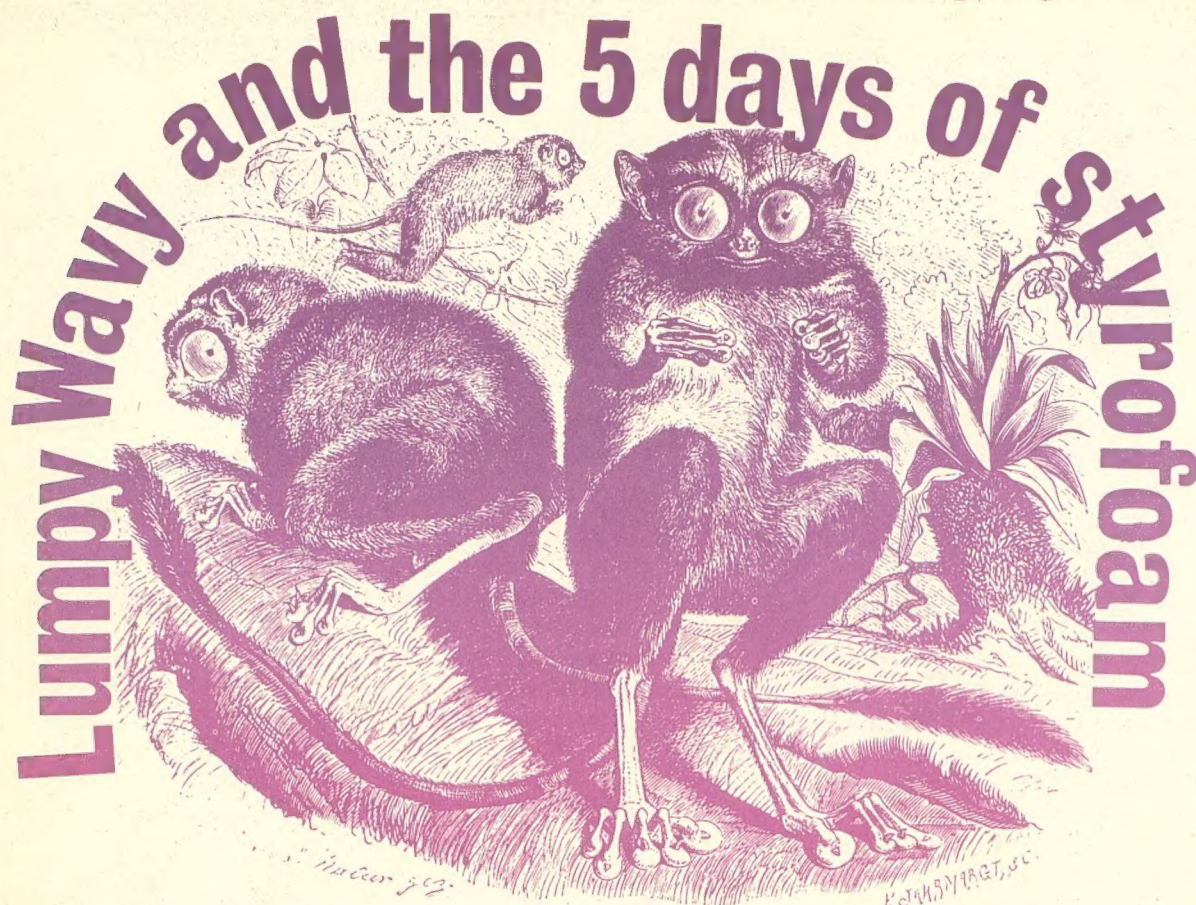
NOW OPEN  
2908 N BROADWAY  
CHICAGO, ILL 60640  
625-4510  
Featuring  
the ultimate  
in guys and d  
**BOTTOMS  
UP  
BOUTIQUE**

## INFAMOUS INMATES INC.

Limited supply of workshirts like those worn by infamous inmates of the federal, state, Canadian, and British prisons (Leavenworth, Alcatraz, San Quentin, Wormwood Scrubs, Stonewall Jackson Training School, Julia Tutwiler Prison for Women, Trusty Barracks, plus 743 other). A prisoner number and name of prison on each shirt. Send name of prison preferred (or no preference) how you want your name printed, number of shirts, sizes, (S-M-L-XL). Shirts are \$4 each send cheque or money order with your name address & zip to Infamous Inmates Inc, P O Box 202 Gay Mills Wisconsin 54631, Include \$1 for shipping per order & allow 2 weeks for delivery.

**THE MAN  
AT EASE  
LOVES YOU**





Hugh Romney (known lately as Wavy Gravy) is the founding father of the Hog Farm, a wandering communal guerrilla theater show, given to travelling around the Western states in a convoy of school busses bending chromosomes in all directions.

Returning from New Mexico, the Hog Farm performed a variety of services at the Woodstock gathering, including a freak-out hospital, a free kitchen, and guidance for city freaks abandoned in the woods for the first time.

Wavy just arrived in Chicago from Berkeley to help coordinate the Conspiracy benefit planned for November 29. In Berkeley he helped stage the Hunger Show, where about 100 mutants of various persuasions fasted for ten days in a parking lot full of inflatable life-rafts (the motif being "Life Raft Earth"), megaphones, freakery and good vibes. The show was held to drive home the incredible state of decay that our planet is being allowed to fall into, and represents the first ecological theater/protest action ever sprung on an apathetic public.

Mr. Gravy is an ex-Merry Prankster (Ken Kesey's band of wandering freaks — see Tom Wolfe's *Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*), and carries on a full-time battle against the forces of sanity wherever they can be rooted out.

**Seed:** ... About that Frog Race you were talking about?

**Wavy:** When we thought up this frog race, there were about five or six of us out in the middle of the night out looking for frogs with flashlights. We thought that if you shine a light on a frog, he'd sorta freeze and come into it. Well, we were out there looking for four or five hours, stumbling around stoned in the swamp and we didn't catch any frogs. They're real SMALL frogs that time of year [Wavy holds his thumb and forefinger about an inch apart] and they blend right in with everything else. So we ended up getting a couple hundred of us, grabbing hold of each others' hands and beating the grass, driving the frogs in front of us til finally everybody got one. So we got everyone inside a circle with their frogs, and the

frogs had to jump to this outer circle, way further out, like a big Clorets commercial. And how the race started was, everybody gathered around this circle did a big gong bong, a breathing thing where everyone holds their breath and goes "Eeaaghhh" and passes out, right? And as soon as the sound stopped, everybody dropped their frog and started encouraging it to jump. Now in four years of fucking around on Hog Farm Sundays to win Something, I've never won anything except this frog race. And how I won it is because I was dressed so fuckin' weird. I was wearing a faceplate and a sterling silver loincloth and these flippers. These BIG yellow flippers, so I'd come up behind my frog and the flipper would go down, causing this incredible blast of air to rise up the frog's ass, causing him to jump like a son of a bitch. So I'm goin' Squish Squish and directing the air up his ass... and my frog won. The frog's name was "Fast Eddie", and the prize was a trip to Idaho Springs, Colorado, where they have the World Frog Jumping thing. So the thing was I was going to train Eddie every day... so I was gonna give him about a third of a bennie and have him head for lettuce. I figured maybe I'd take acid with the frog and all kinds of shit, and I be really tight with the frog, right? So we made a holy pool for him, as part of his winnings, carved out of a birch log, with beautiful shells that people gathered and some water from the pond and beautiful flowers. And so the dogs wouldn't eat him, we covered the pool with a light-show-type watch glass. Well, Fast Eddie died. Nobody knows this, this is an expose, I told everybody that Fast Eddie was so fast that he escaped, but when I came out there in the morning, the sun had shone through the watch glass and formed this intense ray and fried him. I had a secret funeral in the Hog Farm cemetery after dark.

Sundays were always important at the Farm, because we'd always do something weird. Simple things in the beginning, like dress-like-kids-day where everybody put on shorts and the girls had a girls' clubhouse and the guys had a guys' clubhouse. Water pistols, and I had a Duck Patrol and a Duck Jail where I would lock people

up and "torture them." And it all evolved. Like one time there was just a billion tons of mud laying around and we all had a war in the mud. Everyone all clean and getting all dirty. And then attacking a Sunday on a Yamaha, who just drove up over the top of the crest and looked down at us, thirty people just covered with mud, thick mud, like mire slob just rising up out of the bog, composed of snot and sticks and leaves and blehh. And we all looked at him and simultaneously went BLEAHHH and started lumbering towards him... and he sped away. Hours later we went down to take a bath and saw his motorcycle down by the stream, and we all got out of the truck and we headed him off and told him we were havin a mud fight, and he said "Boy, I'm sure glad to hear that."

**Seed:** How do you feel about the future of the cities?

**Wavy:** I was standing on a streetcorner with Ben Morea of the Motherfuckers last summer in NY, and there was a big scene goin' down with the TPF (Tactical Patrol Force of the NYPD) and people were getting beat up and we're trying to keep folks movin' and we're trying to stop the Pageant Players (NY guerrilla theater troupe) from doin' a theater thing on St. Mark's Place, because what always happens when things are really tight on the street is that guerrilla theater comes in and does their shit, everybody claps and the audience gets the shit kicked out of them. So we're standing there on the corner, tryin' to keep things moving, and over there is a typical New York landmark, a burning mattress. I looked down at the sidewalk, and it's covered with phlegm and gun and I looked at Ben Morea, and I said "Ben, you gonna die for THAT, why would anybody want to die for that?" New York is a place you go to see how people lived before the only better.

The only message in that is to slowly get out, a little at a time, until eventually, the only people left are the people who have to be there cause they're so programmed that they can't understand any other thing.

**Seed:** What was the Hunger Show you just held out in Berkeley?

**Wavy:** It was called Life Raft Earth, or the Hunger Show, and we held it in a parking lot in Hayward. It was put out by the Portola Institute, who do the Whole Earth Catalogue. The cat involved was Stuart Brand, and the thing was that nobody ate for 10 days, nothing. Everybody came for their own reason, some people came because they were upset that there's gonna be people standing on each other's heads soon. Me, I need 12 people standing on my head before I feel overpopulated, but I know that people are hungry cause I seen it. The reason I was there was that it upset me that 6 million people are going to die in Biafra next year, and it seemed to me that if the Pope wanted to do a mumbo on every Catholic should send a peanut-butter sandwich to Biafra, those people would all live. By not doing so, he becomes an ecclesiastical Eichman. So I said to Stuart, "Well, if I came I'd dress as a hamburger." Now I don't know why I said that, but I went up to Ken Kesey's farm in Oregon, where I made this inflatable hamburger that I wore around my waist at the show. People would say to me, "HARUMPH, what is the hunger show you're being dressed like a hamburger" .... "Well, uhh, I don't know."

**Seed:** What did you think of Woodstock?

**Wavy:** I think it was science-fiction. I think once we realized that it was out of control, that we had nothing to do with making it happen, I mean with all this tremendous energy floating around, homed in on this one particular spot, all we did was to surrender our physical selves to that energy. Sometimes you'd swear that the Cosmos was scratching your nuts cause you didn't have anything to do with it.

**Seed:** Well, what was out of sight about you people, was that you were the largest organic unit functioning there. How did you get involved in doing the Woodstock thing?



**Sir Real**  
2204 n. clark  
Hip men's haberdashery

**the great pants explosion**  
Featuring *male* slacks & jeans from \$6.50  
GUYS SLACKS THAT GIRLS LOVE  
SLACKS \* SWEATERS \* LEATHERS \* JEANS \* BELLS \* BODY SHIRTS  
THE GREAT PANTS EXPLOSION  
1532 N. Wells (Upstairs)  
Old Town  
Daily 11-10 Sunday til 6

**MUSIC IS LOVE...**

TRADES  
AND REPAIRS

**CHICAGO GUITAR GALLERY**  
216 S. WABASH  
HA 7-8434  
WE BUY OLD INSTRUMENTS



**Wavy:** We first had a crew that we sent out one month ahead, with chain saws to clear land. That was the money that the Hog Farm was paid; we got \$70 a week for these ten guys as long as they were there, which added up, in the end, to 6 grand.

We didn't even believe that Woodstock was gonna be real. These promoter guys would come up and say "Now you're gonna come, aren't you?" This is in New York, and we were scuffling. We had no idea what was gonna go down. They approached us again when we were in New Mexico holding a Bus Race with Ken Kesey's bus, "FURTHER."

**Seed:** One underground commentator described your role at Woodstock as "Hippie Pigs." What do you feel about that?

**Wavy:** Well, you'll see as the story unfolds.

These guys keep showing up and asking if we're gonna show. What we were signed up for was "Trails and Camp Areas"—making sure that people didn't burn themselves alive....first time in the woods from the city. Taking care that people know about stuff like firepits. I'm smoking a joint with some guy, and he's talking about setting up firepits three months away, and this I really can't handle. So I tell him I want a Smokey the Bear costume and a rubber shovel to flog violators. We regarded these guys as high fantasy. So we continued on our NY thing, and then went out for the bus race, and this guy **Flew In** from New York, he rapped for a couple of hours, said "it's gonna happen" and that he wanted us to recruit people from all the tribes in New Mexico to pull it off, to fill 100 seats on an airplane. But still, no one's sure—we're really impressed that he's flown in from New York, we're all stoned on acid, having just raced the buses up and down the hills, above Santa Fe. The next thing we know—it's real! We're all getting on an airplane, sent the bus up on ahead, they mailed last money for the bus and everything. We found out later that the plane ride cost \$8000! We sent one crew in the bus, and put the rest of the crew together from all the families in New Mexico. When we got there, we said, "Well if it's really happening, let's run a free kitchen." And they agreed. So I said, "seeing how we're running a free kitchen, how about setting up a free stage, and we'll get the Pranksters from Oregon or somebody to set the scene. And they said "OK". So I asked, what the cops were gonna be like and they said they were hiring off-duty New York policemen to be the cops. At \$50 a day. So I suggested that for free, before there was any scene where the cops had to be called in, we could set up a small cadre of "Please Officers," and if there's any kind of scene that looks heavy, we'll take a look and see what's going on. Close our eyes, stick out our thumbs, and see whether they go up or down. Just as honest as if cops were really cops, how they'd really do it. Kind of a holy event where we'd all be each other's police, cause that's how Woodstock eventually became, we weren't the police, it was on the conscience of everybody. The collective conscience was like glued together....many mouthed, but the heart was all in the same place. People were sitting in the mud, stoned on acid, and they don't even know this guy they're passing their last blueberry muffin to.

**Seed:** You're going to Washington, aren't you?

**Wavy:** Yeah.

**Seed:** What are your plans for that?

**Wavy:** We're gonna go there and feel around. Our scene is very loose. Like, I've heard a lot of talk in Chicago that we're not serious enough, cause everybody's getting real serious. I myself cannot look at so many atrocities and so much horror and not laugh. It's like the thing up on top of a pressure cooker that lets the steam out, otherwise I would just explode, and spill all over the walls and be useless to everyone. So I carry around this 4-ft. plastic banana (hugs the big yellow thing). Like someday I may fill my banana with cement, you know?

But if I go to this concentration camp, this Dachau that everyone imagines they're building for us I will go and bring my whoopee cushion, because that's where I'm at. And that is my own peculiar form of Yoga.

**Wavy:** (in response to no specific question) What I'm really into is the Whole Earth trip, because that's something that everyone can agree on. Everyone can see that the planet is in bad trouble and we've all gotta get together and melt our flags and hang a rainbow on a pole and share all the food. Because there's enough. Nobody knew that, everybody always said, "well I gotta get my little taste over here and you better not come near it." But you don't have to come at me, cause it's all out there if we put it all in one pile. I'm a Yippeeologist.

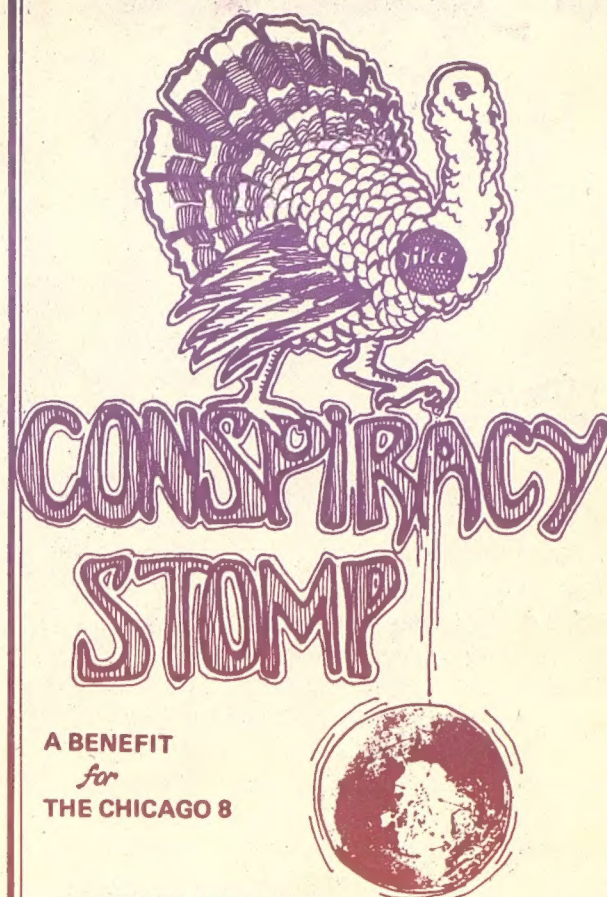
**Seed:** What's this about an Earth People's Park?

**Wavy:** It all began when I saw the Movement rip off 10 grand up in Woodstock, and watched it go up in leaflets, like always. And that 10 grand could have bought 20 acres somewhere, the first land that was owned by the people, and anyone who wanted to go live there could do that. And then I heard somebody say... "Earth People's Park", like Gary Snyder, and I flashed that Earth People's Park where everyone would come to hear music, except everyone would bring a few bucks, and we'd buy the land we were standing on. 2000 acres, or 1000 acres or whatever. If you got half a million people together with 4 bucks each, you could get a pretty nice piece of land. And then do it somewhere else, later on in the summer. And I imagine they'd come in with tanks and everything, but with a busload of lawyers, like we've got,.....And you've got mountain men and people like that that would pick good land that is not ecologically fucked-up where the streams are not dying and so forth. And then it's up to us to maintain it, with people living on it. Because there are two cultures in this society that I can see, one is throwing away empty beer cans, and the other is picking them up just as fast as they can. Beer cans don't decompose anymore, man. They just stay there, and they'll be as bright and shiny in 5,000 years as they are right now. And thousands of Clorox bottles washing against the cliffs of Big Sur—nobody knows where they come from. And Thor Heyerdahl, the Kon-Tiki guy, he was in his papyrus boat going around the world, and he ran into 5 DAYS OF STYROFOAM!

**Seed:** Back to Woodstock for a minute, what do you think your role would have been in the scenario had they decided to enforce that \$7 admission charge?

**Wavy:** We'd have to go back and do it over to find that out. Like this one guy started rapping on a couple of us "Well, we're ready to start charging now. You want to get those 30,000 people off the infield?" And we said, "You want a good movie or a bad movie?" And the pocketbooks at Woodstock were hip enough to dig that. Part of our role, in fact, was to boost people over the fence; we had already worked that out. Abbie had a tent that we wanted to dig a tunnel to the outside of the fence from. I think we could have fun with it, you know? I like to have fun with all this, I like to get inside these situations, whatever they are, and work them to the furthest limitations imaginable — play it like the Berlin Wall, with secret stuff and costumes and tunnels and all that shit, cause it's nifty to get the adrenalin up and everything's ta-da-da-daa. It's lots of fun for me, and it's getting people off and involved in kind of a game. And anything that you get everyone involved in or get involved in with everybody is a high. Like up at the Buffalo Dope Conference, the Motherfuckers jumped on Allen Ginsberg and said they didn't want to hear anymore 'Hare Krishna' cause that's thousands of years old, and the tribes of today have their own chants and they keep changing all the time. And Allen thought about that for a long time, and I really think he's still flashing on that.

## WAVY GRAVY PRESENTS



A BENEFIT  
for  
THE CHICAGO 8

WITH (TO NAME A FEW)



ABBIE HOFFMAN  
PAUL KRASSNER  
HUGH ROMNEY & THE HOG FARM BUS  
BOB GIBSON  
JOHNNY KEENE  
CHAD NICHOLL  
PHIL OCHS  
THE CAST OF HAIR  
50 LIVE TURKEYS UNDER STROBES

AND MUCH MUCH MORE MANY—  
YES, OUR PHONES KEEP JUMPING



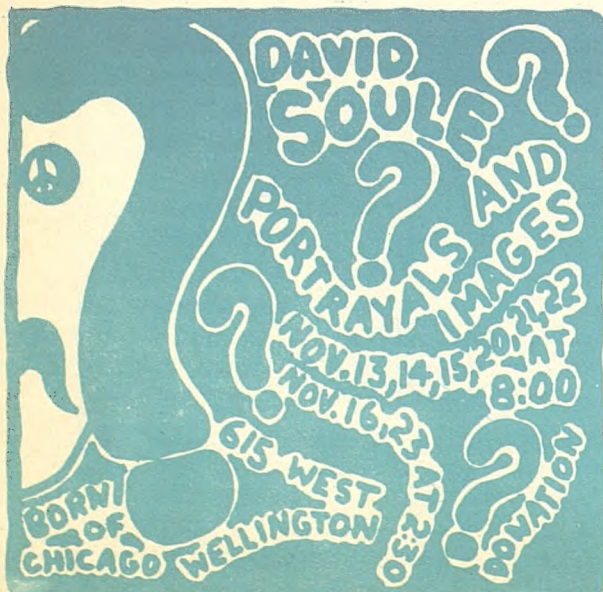
FRIDAY NOVEMBER 28  
ARAGON BALLROOM  
1106 W. LAWRENCE

DONATION \$4.00

TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM TICKET CENTRAL



ALL MONEY TO THE CONSPIRACY  
ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE

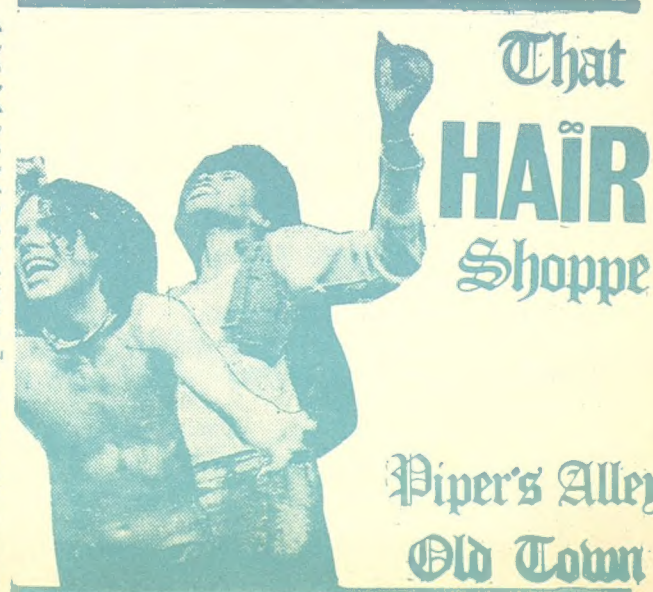


### 5 WILL GET YOU 10

Five bucks will get you the following:

- 1) Souvenir Pogrom: Chicago Conspiracy vs. Washington Kangaroos
- 2) Comic Book: Conspiracy Capers
- 3) Two World Series of Injustice Tickets
- 4) Chicago Conspiracy Booster Button
- 5) Screw Magoo Button
- 10) Ten years in the Bull Pen for attempting to JOIN THE CONSPIRACY!

All profits go toward legal expenses for the Chicago Conspiracy trial. Make checks payable to The Conspiracy, 28 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill. 60604





[illegible]

# Anthology



Marshall Rosenthal

MISSIONARIES OF THE NEW TRUTH  
6737N GREENVIEW DEPT 15  
CHICAGO 60626







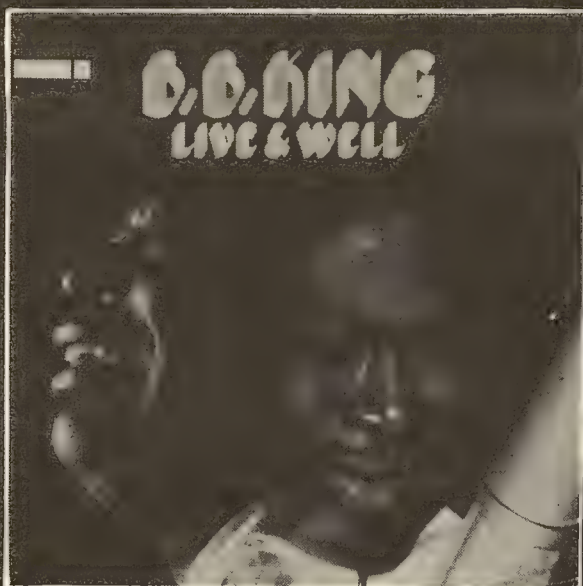
# HEAVY!



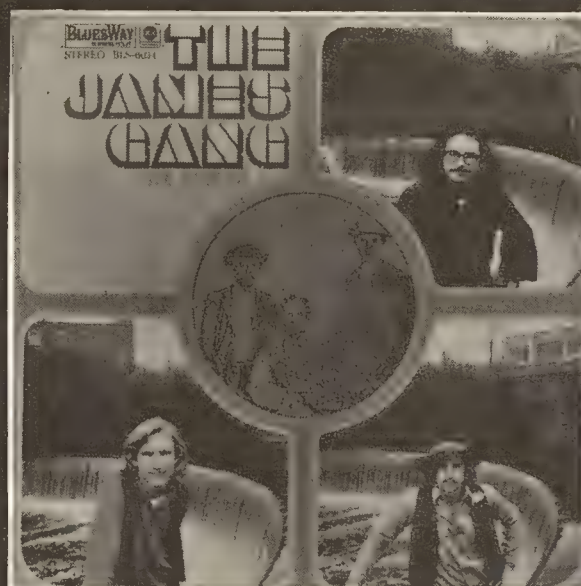
SMOOTH AS RAW **SILK**



SMOOTH AS RAW SILK ABCS-694



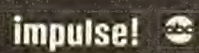
B. B. KING LIVE AND WELL BLS-6031



THE JAMES GANG YER' ALBUM BLS-6034



PHAROAH SANDERS KARMA A-9181





Those of you who read Cat's Cradle by Kurt Vonnegut know what Ice-9 is all about. In the book, it is a restructured water molecule, invented by a crazy scientist, that transforms regular water into Ice-9 on contact. The only problem is that Ice-9 has a melting point of around 160 degrees. Needless to say, a small chunk of Ice-9 would fuck up the planet something fierce if it ever got loose, or so goes the book.

In real life Ice-9 is called polywater, and it has recently been invented by several different groups of scientists. It is not ice, but rather a polymer version of water (meaning the molecules are connected in long chains) that has a thick, syrupy consistency. True to your favorite Kafkaesque (or Vonnegutesque) fantasy, the scientists are now having an argument about whether polywater would flip waterwater into a polywater state on contact. One can imagine some scientist emptying a test tube into a toilet to dramatically prove his point and bingo! we'd all have ocean on our pancakes.

"Perhaps there is another kind of civilization which emphasizes performance itself and does not require those who participate to leave evidence that they have participated. Its aesthetic canons would be rather like those we have come to expect from jazz musicians. It would look at the past from the present and not seek to understand what living in the past was like. It would not try to control the future, because the future would exist in the present...It is possible that large buildings and monuments may have been erected by kings and emperors who sought to arrest time and to impose themselves in space, because their concepts of time and space were fundamentally different from those of the mass of their subjects."

—Dennis Duerden african art

As repression percolates down from the Federal government to the state and local levels and street harassment escalates, the two merge into one giant weapon aimed at our life and life-style. One more developing aspect of the overall repression are the laws aimed at freaks that small towns are passing. Carmel, California, an uptight upper middle class seacoast community near Monterey, has passed laws against tree-climbing, digging holes in the sand, erecting tents without a permit, and using washrooms marked for the opposite sex. Belmont, California passed a law limiting the number of unrelated people sharing a house to three, effectively outlawing communes in the city. Swedesboro, N.J. has a new law outlawing kissing, hugging and all types of "indecent or improper conduct", punishable by a \$200 fine. Nearby Swedesboro, N.J. banned displays of affection, drinking, horseplay, and ballplaying in its park, no doubt to protect the decent citizens who wouldn't dream of indulging in such things as baseball. The pattern is repeated in hundreds of communities across the country. The cities are getting into it too: Los Angeles is considering updating its municipal code to outlaw such things as playing bongo drums within 750 feet of a residence. Some towns come on with doubletalk about their laws, denying that they're aimed at freaks, while others are upfront about their intent. Disguised or not, laws aimed at specific groups are probably unconstitutional, if that makes you feel any better. It probably won't do you any good; as one friendly neighborhood constable said recently, "You can take the constitution and shove it up your ass."

WASHINGTON, D.C.—MLA— Reliable sources have informed us that, beginning in January 1970, passports will not be issued until "clearance" from the Internal Revenue Service is confirmed. What this means is that those of you who have been cheating or ignoring the Tax-Masters will not get passports and may get IRS investigations. If you are one of these persons, get your passport (good for five years) before 1970 rolls around.



## ROACHES

"to provide a person with 3200 calories a day for a year would at present take just a little over a half an acre if the food were all in the form of bread, around two acres if it were milk, and more than ten acres if it were all beef."

—Landsberg, Fischman & Fischer, Resources in America's Future

Below are the methods used by certain young individuals who have the courage to use them in order to escape being statistics on the casualty lists for a phony commitment.

### Method 1

The straight pin method. When going for physical, put pin in hair on head, and when specimen of urine is demanded for analysis, prick your finger with the pin, squeeze a drop of blood into the urine receptacle. This will be noticed during analysis. Symptoms could point to prostate cancer, kidney or bladder infection or other troubles of the abdomen.

### Method 2

Inducing high blood pressure artificially, raising pulse to abnormal rate. Take piece of yellow soap (Fels Naphtha) the size of half a chicklet and swallow this with some water or tea, do this 20 minutes before physical inspection. Stand against wall, any brick wall close to armory and gently bang both elbows against the wall at same time. This will do temporary reaction in heart-beat, body temperature, condition of sweats and screw up metabolism.

### Method 3

Three grains of rice, hunger strike. Fast three days before you have check up by army medics. Take 3 grains of rice, and swallow them, declare you have ulcers. X-ray will reveal 3 spots, keep swallowing 3 grains each day, as they are ingested into lower colon, demand X-rays again.

### Method 4

Take belladonna dose, will reduce eye cornea and pupil — declare you are addicted.

### Method 5

No kidding. Go to the draft board wearing high heels, holding a buddy by the hand. Result - Rausmit du schwein hund!

Dr. Ian MacLeod of the University of Michigan Department of Pharmacology after studying ocular effects of Mace on rabbits and monkeys has concluded "if, in the course of its routine use as a police weapon, Mace is discharged from close range (6 feet or less) into the face causing liquid to contact the unprotected cornea, it is likely that serious eye damage will occur."

In case you missed it, here is the text of a full-page ad in the Sun-Times of October 20 sponsored by the Campaign Against Environmental Violence, Box 4100, Chicago:

### HAPPY CLEANER AIR WEEK TO MAYOR DALEY AND HIS FRIENDS

Happy Cleaner Air Week, Mayor Daley! Four months ago the Mayor personally sponsored the extension of a fuel conversion deadline, thereby guaranteeing Chicago at least one more year of highly polluted air.

Happy Cleaner Air Week, Robert Lundberg! Mr. Lundberg has been appointed Chairman of Cleaner Air Week. He also happens to be an executive with Commonwealth Edison, perhaps the worst polluter of Chicago's air.

Happy Cleaner Air Week, James O'Donohue! Mr. O'Donohue is Chairman of the Air Pollution Control Appeal Board, the group responsible for granting time extensions for compliance with anti-pollution laws. Mr. O'Donohue was appointed to this position by his wife's uncle, Richard J. Daley.

Happy Cleaner Air Week, Morgan O'Connell! Dr. O'Connell, an obstetrician, is the medical expert on pollution on the Air Pollution Control Appeal Board. He was appointed to this position by the husband of one of his former obstetrical patients. Her name: Mrs. Richard J. Daley.

Happy Cleaner Air Week, Paul Angle! Mr. Angle, third member of the Appeal Board, is a fine, upstanding citizen with no known conflict of interest in the area of pollution. Too bad he hasn't had more influence on his brother, the Vice President in charge of Operations for U.S. Steel, one of the worst polluters of Chicago's air and water.

Happy Cleaner Air Week, H. William Campbell! Mr. Campbell, the fourth member of the Appeal Board, is Manager of Witco Chemical Company. Not only is Witco a significant contributor to Chicago's air pollution, they happen to manufacture a line of industrial cleaners, necessary to clean up the results of the pollution they and others help cause.

Happy Cleaner Air Week, John Brady! Mr. Brady, the fifth member of the Appeal Board, is First Vice President of the International Union of Operating Engineers, the men in charge of maintaining and operating boilers and heating plants. A major breakthrough in pollution technology might reduce the number of operating engineers.

Happy Cleaner Air Week, Arthur Schoenstadt! Mr. Schoenstadt is an elderly retired millionaire. Wouldn't it be nice if the sixth and final place on the Appeal Board were filled by someone who wasn't an elderly retired millionaire?

Happy Cleaner Air Week, Tom Ward! Mr. Ward is handling public relations for Cleaner Air Week. He also handles public relations for U.S. Steel, one of the major polluters of Chicago's air and water.

Happy Cleaner Air Week, People of Chicago! Perhaps unbeknownst to the above gentlemen, we have the 2nd worst air pollution of any city in the United States. So they're having a Cleaner Air Rally at the Civic Center Plaza tomorrow morning at 10, complete with Jackie Chuckro (Miss Cleaner Air Week) and fifteen neighborhood tots, who will release dozens of symbolic balloons into our lovely air.

Does this gripe you? Us, too. Here's what you can do:

1. Send us your name and address, and we'll contact you about a new citizens' group being formed to fight all forms of environmental pollution.
2. Send us a letter expressing your feelings, and we'll make copies and deliver them to the Mayor, the Governor, and other relevant parties.
3. Send us a dollar, and we'll be able to sponsor more ads like this one.



**The country surrounds the city**  
**The back country surrounds the country**

**"From the masses to the masses" The most revolutionary consciousness is to be found among the most ruthlessly exploited classes: animals, trees, water, air, grasses**

**We must pass through the stage of the  
"Dictatorship of the Unconscious" before we  
hope for the withering-away of the states  
And finally arrive at true Communism**

I'm hoping you'll try, at least once, the touching art of swallow watching. It is free and can be pursued almost anywhere in the great outdoors. Swallows are one of the original masters of flight. If you find yourself enjoying this pastime the following may be expected to occur:

10

THE APPLE FALLS FROM THE BRANCH  
AND IS EATEN BY THE DEER  
THE DEER SHITS THE SEED  
PLANTING AND FERTILIZING ANOTHER TREE  
THE TREE PRODUCES APPLES FOR DEER AND MEN  
SOME MEN STEP IN THE MIDDLE OF IT AND EAT THE DEER

510

- 1) On any parabola the swallow makes an insect disappear. Good, you say, as this makes for less population density in the insect world.
- 2) Where there are swarms of air-borne insects there are usually swallows. Consider, if a winged bit of protein flies swallows to your vision, they are serving an end.
- 3) If there were no bugs would there be any swallows?
- 4) If you care that there would be no swallows were there no bugs, read the labels on insecticide cans, thoughtfully.
- 5) Soon you may find yourself beginning to tolerate insects, feeling that the swallows are apt justification for the minor inconvenience.
- 6) One day you will find yourself unarmed against the approach of a bug. Closer inspection will reveal that the bug is quite fascinating and seems to be lacking in evil intentions.
- 7) Now you like swallows and this one particular bug. You are anxious to discover other bugs, other birds. Your life is enlarging.
- 8) You no longer purchase bug "bombs", insecticides, pesticides. Your grandmother has recommended citronella and you like the smell. You've been told by a top ecologist how ladybugs will eat pest-eating aphids and you're ordering a country for the lady next door.
- 9) You've read somewhere that penguin livers show high concentrations of DDT and you're wondering "How?" The birds and the bees have become meaningful of life itself. You are understanding balance, tolerance, and the way of the world. You have a special filter on your eyes now
- 10) You're studying birds now, and are disappointed to find that "birds of Vietnam", published in 1968 is not adequate due to the exclusion of species collected north of the 170. Napalm is a chemical manufactured by Dow. You know it kills people, and defoliates jungles; it also kills birds and has been known to have the same deleterious effects on human life as DDT to insects; it also causes hardening of the soul.
- 11) You are beginning to understand. Having grown to love swallows, you have learned to tolerate bugs. You may soon learn to appreciate life in all its forms, and colors.
- 12) Swallows are good for the growth of pleasure. Caring about anything other than power, money, sex, war, etc.

IV

Recent publications suggest (1) that abnormal levels of stress begin to destroy tissues in the nervous system through stress, and (2) that colds result most likely from tension rather than virus. In the first case a more interesting inquiry would be to begin to understand the way in which media as sensory stimulators (traffic signals, horns, signs. . .) culturally determine both the quantity and quality of an individual's range of experience. Why are particular media chosen for the city and others abandoned? . . . Do current sensory levels within the city destroy our ability to experience environment fully, determining what we do experience and what we do not? Secondly, we enter the question of the nature of disease itself. What kinds of disease result from the urban physical conditions themselves? If traffic and technology misapplied did not create increasing accident rates, would there be a need for the large hospital complexes? Are hospitals self-fulfilling within the society? Are cancer and schizophrenia inevitable consequences of advanced urban culture?

THE DOMINO THEORY OF SWALLOWS

-rev. goose mother - NORTHWEST PR



The country surrounds the city  
The back country surrounds the country

From the masses to the masses" The most  
revolutionary consciousness is to be found  
among the most ruthlessly exploited classes:  
minerals, trees, water, air, grasses

We must pass through the stage of the  
Dictatorship of the Unconscious" before we can  
hope for the withering-away of the states  
and finally arrive at true Communism

ry snyder

I'm hoping you'll try, at least once, the touching  
art of swallow watching. It is free and can be pursued  
almost anywhere in the great outdoors. Swallows are  
one of the original masters of flight. If you find  
yourself enjoying this pastime the following may be  
expected to occur:

- 1) On every parabola the swallow makes an insect  
disappear. Good, you say, as this makes for less  
population density in the insect world.
- 2) Where there are swarms of air-borne insects there  
are usually swallows. Consider, if a winged bit of  
protein lures swallows to your vision, they are  
serving an end.
- 3) If there were no bugs would there be any  
swallows?
- 4) If you care that there would be no swallows  
were there no bugs, read the labels on insecticide  
cans, thoughtfully.
- 5) Soon you may find yourself beginning to  
tolerate insects, feeling that the swallows are apt  
justification for the minor inconvenience.
- 6) One day you will find yourself unarmed against  
the approach of a bug. Closer inspection will  
reveal that the bug is quite fascinating and seems  
to be lacking in evil intentions.
- 7) Now you like swallows and this one particular  
bug. You are anxious to discover other bugs,  
other birds. Your world is enlarging.
- 8) You no longer purchase bug "bombs",  
insecticides, pesticides. Your grandmother has  
recommended citronella and you like the smell.  
You've been told by a hip ecologist how  
ladybugs will eat pest-eating aphids and you're  
ordering a colony for the lady next door.
- 9) You've read somewhere that penguin livers show  
high concentrations of DDT and you're  
wondering "How?" The birds and the bees have  
become meaningful of life itself. You are  
understanding balance, tolerance, and the ay of  
the world. You have a special filter on your eyes  
now.
- 10) You're studying birds now, and are disappointed  
to find that "Birds of Vietnam", published  
1968 is not adequate due to the exclusion of  
species collected north of the 170. Hapalm is a  
chemical manufactured by Dow. You know it  
kills people, and defoliates jungles; it also kills  
birds and has been known to have the same  
deleterious effects on human life as DDT to  
insects; it also causes hardening of the soul.
- 11) You are beginning to understand. Having grown  
to love swallows, you have learned to tolerate  
bugs. You may soon learn to appreciate life in all  
its forms, and colors.
- 12) Swallows are good for the growth of pleasure.  
Caring about anything other than power, money,  
and war is.

THE DOMINO THEORY OF SWALLOWS

-REV. G. ROSE MATHER - NORTHWEST PASSAGE

Excerpts from an AP report in the October 17 San Francisco Chronicle:

Ann Arbor, Mich.: Smog is killing 100,000 acres of Ponderosa and Jeffrey pine trees in California's San Bernardino National Forest, on the eastern rim of the smog-plagued Los Angeles Basin, a Federal research forester reported yesterday. "The severity of the damage serves as a warning that there is little time left for application of effective air pollution controls," said Steven L. Wert of Berkeley, Calif., at the Sixth International Symposium on Remote Sensing of Environment . . . "Smog oxidants destroy the leaf tissues which carry on the vital process of photosynthesis" by which the tree is nourished, Wert said . . . Smog-type injury is beginning to show in other California forest areas, he said. Smog levels near Santa Cruz are sufficient to damage Monterey pines. "It is likely that other forest areas will be increasingly affected, especially those east of population centers in the San Joaquin Valley," he said.

## I AM THE TALL TREE

VI

Final paragraph of a flyer prepared by Friends of the Earth, the  
organization established in July as a more-committed alternative to the Sierra  
Club:

"A seed shaken from a cone lying among the fragments of the Wawona  
Tree's crown is affixed here. It can produce a tree that will live beautifully  
for three thousand years or so. If it fails to do so, please return it."

There's a Friends of the Earth office near you:

451 Pacific Ave, San Francisco 94133; 60 East 56th St, New York 10022;  
323 Maryland Ave, NE, Washington DC 20002; Box 11, Cedar Crest, New  
Mexico 87008; 200 East Ohio St, Attn: Kenneth Anglemire, Chicago 60611;  
1372 Kapiolani Blvd, Honolulu 96814; 9 Suffolk St, Pall Mall, Attn: Roger  
Brundson, London.

VII

Excerpts from "Global Ecology: Toward the Planetary Society," by John McHale,  
from AMERICAN BEHAVIORAL SCIENTIST, Vol XI, No 6, Jul-Aug 68:

In the second half of the twentieth century, there is a perceptible shift in human  
consciousness and conceptuality which begins to alter man's overall relations, both to his  
fallenness and to his planetary habitat. Aspects of this change in conceptuality extend in-  
ward, from unraveling of the micro life-code at the molecular level, to the successful  
maintenance of even beyond the earth's atmosphere and under its oceans and the outward  
monitoring of other worlds and galaxies . . .

Life on earth has been possible during the past billions of years only through the  
relatively stable interrelationships of the variables of climate, the composition of the  
atmosphere, the oceans, and the life-sustaining qualities of the land surface, the natural  
reservoirs and cycles.

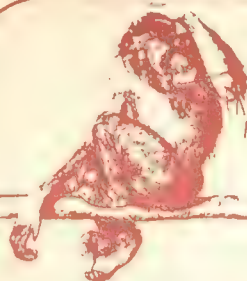
Within the thinly spread biofilm of air, earth and water spread around the planet, all  
living organisms exist then in various systems of delicately balanced symbiotic relations.  
The close tolerances of many of these relationships have only become known to us, gener-  
ally through their disruption, in recent times.

Apart from the comparatively local disturbance of natural cycles brought about  
through hunting, herding, and primitive agricultural practices, man, until quite recently,  
did not have the developed capacities to interfere seriously with the major life-sustaining  
processes of the planet . . .

Though the growth of population has been accompanied by more intensive cultiva-  
tion and higher food yields per acre, the amount of presently usable soil per capita is de-  
clining and in many areas, becomes impoverished through ill use. As the historical pattern  
of deforestation, which produced many of the great desert areas, continues, there is added to  
this the increasing amount of arable land claimed for building dams, roads, industrial  
installations, mining, etc. - all the necessary uses of an increasing technological system.  
In the United States alone, urbanization and transportation have been calculated to draw  
more than a million acres of soil, each year, from cultivation . . .

The dependence of one-sixth of the world's food supply on "artificial" nitrogen  
from the chemical industry is another factor in the overall ecosystem function. There is  
a tendency to separate agriculture from industry in everyday thinking, but the image of  
the farmer as consumer, and industry as the spoiler, of nature is no longer true - as it  
ever was. To make such million tons of such nitrogenous fertilizer annually, we use, in  
direct and related industries, a million tons of steel and five million tons of coal. Some  
fifty million tons of such support nitrogen are estimated to be required annually by 2000  
A.D. The amounts of other agricultural chemicals which will require equally massive sup-  
port technologies, to further maintain and increase crop yields, is only now becoming  
apparent.





# Subscribe!

CHICAGO SEED  
2551 N. Halsted  
Chgo., Ill. 60614

ONLY \$6.00 FOR 26 FUN-FILLED ISSUES  
PLEASE SEND BREAD WITH COUPON.....

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

## THE SEED IS PLANTED

### North

Haven Book  
Haven Bkstore  
Four Heads  
Haven Bkstore  
Book Box  
Head Hunter  
Modern Bkstore  
Collector's Center  
Airport  
Haven Bkstore  
Environmentics  
Mike's Bkstore  
Brody Pharmacy  
Players Place  
Feedstore  
Head Imports  
General Store  
Drugstore  
Subway  
The Guild  
Newsstand  
Old Town Bkstore  
Newsstand  
Volume I  
Barbara's  
Trading Post  
Can-It  
Grammophone  
Round Records  
Old Wells Records  
Occult Bkstore  
Garden Apt. Pharmacy  
Subterranean Impts  
The Crystal Ship  
Cafe Pergolesi  
A Warehouse  
Midwest Stereo

1522 Howard  
6744 Sheridan  
5550 Broadway  
4812 Broadway  
2336 Devon  
3230 Broadway  
3038 Broadway  
2933 Broadway  
2827 Broadway  
3138 Broadway  
2909 Broadway  
2581 Lincoln  
2709-A Clark  
2464 Lincoln  
2446 Lincoln  
2310 Lincoln  
Wrgtwood&Lincoln  
Fullerton Stop  
2136 Halsted  
Armitage&Sedgwick  
Armitage&Sedgwick  
North & Wells  
Piper's Alley  
1434 N Wells  
1500 Blk Wells  
1407-B N Wells  
2633 Clark  
6469 Sheridan  
651 State  
651 State  
1452 N Sedgwick  
911 n Rush  
1749 Morse  
3404 Halsted  
2837 Broadway  
1445 W Morse

### Little Al's Record Shops

3216 W Lawrence  
2739 Milwaukee  
2042 E 71st  
660 Varnon, Glencoe

### Loop

Connoisseur  
Lake Bkstore  
Paperback Centr  
Newsstand  
163 N Michigan  
128 W Lake  
6 N Clark  
State & Randolph

### South

Book Center  
Insanity South  
Newsstands  
Harper Court  
1463 E Hyde Park  
53rd & Lake Park  
111th & Michigan  
55th California(SWcorner)  
52nd & Lake Park  
Campus  
2308 E 71st  
11723 S Michigan

### West

Doc Gandalf's  
5961 W Lake

### Northwest

The Headquarters  
Blue Note Record Shop  
5249 W Irving Pk  
3352 Lincoln

### Suburbs

Spectacle Head Shop  
Village Boutique  
1307½ Chicago, Evanston  
482 Sibley, Hammond Ind.



Triangle Theatrical Productions Presents

# Rolling Stones

NOVEMBER 16th at 3:00 & 8:00  
INTERNATIONAL AMPHITHEATER  
TICKETS: \$7.50, 6.50, 5.50, 4.50



Tickets available at all Ticketron outlets, including Montgomery Ward, Marshall Field, Flip Side, and both House of Lewis Stores. To order tickets by mail, send a check or a money order to ; Triangle, 211 East, Chicago Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Enclose a self-addressed envelope and 50 cents per order for handling.

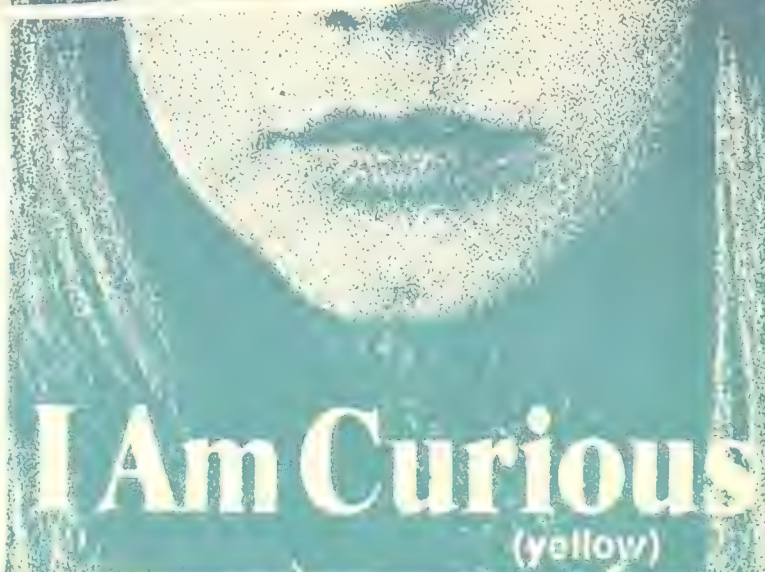
## PLAYBOY THEATER

NOVEMBER 7 Orson Welles CITIZEN KANE	NOVEMBER 8 Gogol's THE OVERCOAT
NOVEMBER 14 David Lean's OLIVER TWIST	NOVEMBER 15 Fellini's LA STRADA
NOVEMBER 21 Bob Dylan DON'T LOOK BACK	NOVEMBER 22 Antonioni's L'ECLIPSE
NOVEMBER 28 Truffaut's STOLEN KISSES	NOVEMBER 29 Fellini's SPIRITS OF THE DEAD

TICKETS \$1.50



**HEAD IMPORTS**  
WHOLESALE RETAIL  
2446 North Lincoln  
Chicago, Illinois 60614  
312 549-1059



Vilgot Sjoman's complete and uncut *I Am Curious (Yellow)* is a "remarkable film (which) has been playing for a long time to droves of Swedes, and to several million people almost everywhere. It is the story of a young girl who is, or was, curious about politics, nonviolence, Zen, commitment, socialism other Swedes and, to be sure, sex. It is a serious film with a noble theme and, in dramatic terms, it is original," says *Look* magazine. The Evergreen Film presented by Grove Press stars Lena Nyman. A Sandrews Production  
ADMISSION RESTRICTED TO ADULTS.

SHOW TIMES: SUN.—THURS. 4:30, 7:00 & 9:30  
FRIDAY & SATURDAY 3:30, 6:00, 8:30 & 11:00





Continued from page 3

So how do we stop the trial? In one sense, we don't. The trial stops itself in a holy, Zen way. It stops when the government's every fiber aches to go on, yet cannot. It stops when the contradictions are heightened to the point where the machine overheats and Death fades from the Life that the Eight defend.

Our role is to play with the dial that regulates the boiler. We turn up the heat. On the 13th and 14th, demonstrations happen at every federal building in the country. On the 15th, STOP THE TRIAL and STOP THE WAR become one chant in Washington, San Francisco, and wherever else Moratorium demonstrations are held, merging because at heart they are the same demand. Also on the 15th, thousands of outraged organizers and radicals, mutant acid-freaks, brothers from the block, and just plain folk will visit the Department of Injustice, where the Attorney General, J. Edgar, and the other ogres hang out.

We stop it in other ways, in the ongoing course of our days. Our guys won't crack under pressure; it's the government that can't handle the cooker of embarrassment and confrontation with their own injustice. Get out the message. Rap on the drum — "STOP THE TRIAL." Rap to your friends — "STOP THE TRIAL." Bring up the trial whenever possible — in Political Science classes, in lunchrooms, at red hot stands, at the Kinetic Playground. Wear gags and chains in the streets. Carry a broken gavel. Organize. Do your own theater.

While you're spreading the word, papers in Tokyo, Paris, London, Hanoi, all over the world are running page one pictures showing Bobby being carried from the courtroom like some cripple. If we keep it up, if we continue to shovel their shit back at them, we can stop this trial and take the heat off everyone facing political trials

around the country. This is the big one; stop it here and the others fall into place. Don't stop it, and we'll all have a chance to find out what it's like.

Bobby Seale's horror show may be extended to his co-defendants: there is a strong chance that all eight may be in jail in the near future. One rumor says that the judge may dismiss the prosecution's weak case and toss defendants and lawyers into the slam for contempt. Another rumor has it that the trial will go on, but that everybody will come to court from Cook County Jail every morning.

In order to dramatize that we are all conspirators for Life, people can respond to any jailing by calling Conspiracy press conferences in their area. Conspiracies of eight women, eight workers, seven blacks and a white, all freaks — the permutations are endless. Declare that you are Bobby, Abbie, Tom, etc. Say that you are part of the group on trial in your town (example: The Buffalo Nine). Use your own name and rap about the Big Conspiracy. A hundred different Conspiracies would blow the Leader Myth that the government has laid out as the cornerstone of its indictment, and would also break through the local media blackouts that seem to exist in many places.

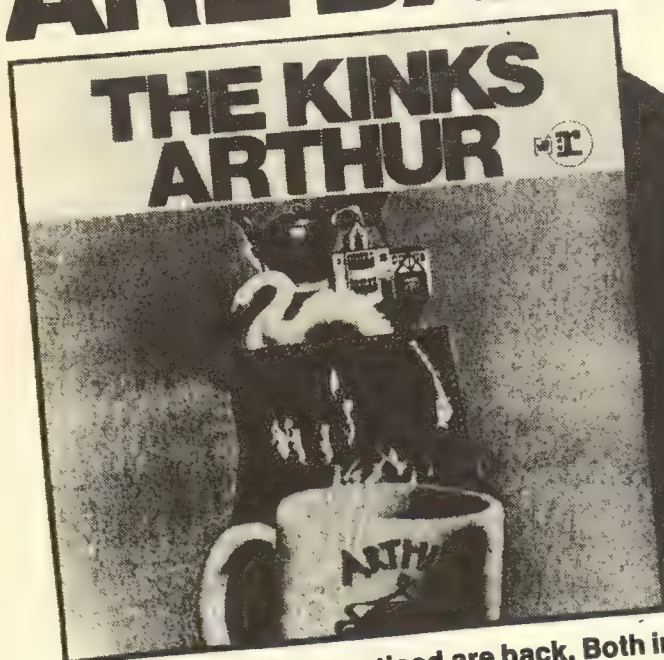
A final word to culture freaks. Yes, cosmic brothers and sisters, courts obviously are lame. But to know this and then go about our pleasure is no longer enough. The Man may not be able to bust our music, but he'll get around to wasting us all unless he is stopped — and fast. Martha and the Vandallas used to sing "Nowhere to Run." Dig it.

See you at the courthouse.

Abe Peck



# THE KINKS ARE BACK!



The Kinks, as you've noticed are back. Both in the performing flesh and with a new album, ARTHUR, that will no doubt be acclaimed in retrospect as one of 1969 rock and roll's happiest events, along with Tommy and Joe Cocker and the Big Pink band touring.

On Reprise, which brings you as many happy events as are humanly possible.



where the heads of all nations meet



now you can SEE anything you want at...

## "ALICE'S RESTAURANT"

"ALICE'S RESTAURANT" starring ARLO GUTHRIE

featuring PAT QUINN · JAMES BRODERICK Special Appearance PETE SEEGER · LEE HAYS with MICHAEL MC CLANATHAN  
GEOFF OUTLAW · TINA CHEN · KATHLEEN DABNEY and Police Chief WILLIAM O'BANHEIN Original Music by ARLO GUTHRIE

Screenplay by VENABLE HERNDON and ARTHUR PENN Based on "The Alice's Restaurant Massacre" by ARLO GUTHRIE

Produced by HILLARD ELKINS and JOE MANDUKE Directed by ARTHUR PENN

COLOR by DeLuxe ORIGINAL MOTION PICTURE SCORE AVAILABLE ON UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS

R RESTRICTED - Parents under 16 not admitted  
ALL TIMES SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE  
OPEN 9 A.M.  
MIDNIGHT SHOW EVERY NIGHT

WOODS  
1515 N. RANDOLPH ST. CHICAGO, ILL. 60607

50 United Artists



**Village Theater**  
1548 North Clark Street  
Chicago



# Ordinum Fugitivi

Dear O.F.:

I rented an apartment for a year. Two weeks before my lease was up I moved all of my things out of the apartment and gave my keys to the landlady. About five days after I left I discovered I left one closet full of things behind. I went back immediately only to discover that everything that I had left behind had been destroyed by the janitor on instructions from the landlady. Can I sue her to get back the value of the things she destroyed?

DMN

Dear DMN:

No you cannot sue her. When you gave back your keys you surrendered possession of the apartment even though there were two weeks left on your lease. In most states a return of keys to the landlord or landlady is conclusive indication by a tenant that he is returning possession of the apartment even if a large portion of the lease is yet outstanding. Once the landlady takes legal possession of the apartment she can remove anything or destroy anything left unless you have specifically told her that you intend to return for it. This is contrast to the period when you were living in the apartment. Then she could enter without your permission for purposes of repair, etc. She could not take over the apartment or anything in it without first going to court and getting a court order (hotels and rooming houses are excepted) even if you had failed to pay the rent. But give those keys back and it's all over.

I suggest that you never put yourself in a position where you are reliant on a landlord's good will. The law is horrible in that it gives the advantage to the landlord at every turn and gives tenants almost no protection.

O.F.

## Ta Da Da, Ta Da Da, Ta Da Da Da Da!

The LONE RANGER, TONTO, Silver and Scout shout a "HI-HO!" to WLS-FM where Tall-In-The-Saddle heroes engage in fearful combat with such arch-mavericks as Butch Cavendish and Crazy Wolf!

(Hear Grandma Frisbee's secret...Hear if Lance Ames is a dullard or a bushwacker...Hear Jim Bledsoe fire his last shot...) Yes! Hear with your own ear-bone the answers to all the important questions of the day, on the triumphant new Decca album, "The Adventures of The Lone Ranger."

Thunder along with the hoofbeats on WLS-FM, 94.7 on your radio machine.



(No mean album this!)

Available now at all record stalls in Chicagoland

"The saga of a pursued Adonis. Reminiscent of the early Brando." —A. Walker, N.Y. Times

"Featuring the first naked Warhol superstar and dialogue so sharp, even Joe Mankiewicz would be proud to have written it. Utilizes people in their most arresting behavioral patterns, and it shows how film can be opened up to expand our way of thinking outside conventional barriers. 'Flesh' is a wild and highly innovational movie." —Roy Reed, N.Y. Times



Can a boy be too attractive?

## Andy Warhol's FLESH

Directed by Paul Morrissey. Starring Joe Dallesandro.

IN COLOR



22ND CENTURY PRESENTS

GLENN YARBROUGH

NOVEMBER 21 • 8:30 PM  
ORCHESTRA HALL

THE BAND

NOVEMBER 21 • 8:30 PM  
AUDITORIUM THEATRE

THREE DOB NIGHT  
TURTLES

NOVEMBER 22 • 7:00 & 10:30 PM  
AUDITORIUM THEATRE

JANIS JOPLIN

NOVEMBER 23 • 7:30 PM  
AUDITORIUM THEATRE

CHICAGO (CTA)

NOVEMBER 27 • 7:30 PM  
AUDITORIUM THEATRE

MOODY BLUES

NOVEMBER 30 • 7:30 PM  
AUDITORIUM THEATRE

Ticket Prices: \$6.50, \$5.50, \$4.50, \$3.50  
Special attention given to mail orders at  
22nd Century, 70 W. Hubbard, Chicago,  
Illinois 60610. Enclose a self-addressed  
stamped envelope.  
Tickets now available at Ticket Central,  
Montgomery Wards, Marshall Fields and  
other Ticketron Outlets.  
LISTEN TO WCFL FOR LATEST 22ND CENTURY  
CONCERT INFORMATION





TIE-BLEACH IS A VARIATION OF THE TIE-DYE PROCESS DONE IN INDONESIA AND AFRICA. IT IS A GOOD BEGINNING FOR THE MORE ADVANCED TIE-DYE PROCEDURE. TIE-BLEACH IS A RESIST PROCESS—THE BOUND AREA WILL RETAIN ITS ORIGINAL COLOR—THE UNBOUND AREA WILL BLEACH. MATERIALS NEEDED ARE 100% BLACK COTTON, COTTON STRING, AND BLEACH.

EXPERIMENTING WITH SMALL PIECES OF FABRIC FIRST WILL SHOW EXAMPLES RESULTING FROM THE DIFFERENT METHODS OF TIEING USED. TWISTING, FOLDING, PLEATING, KNOTTING, AND GATHERING ARE THE BASIC TIEING METHODS.

EXAMPLES OF FOLDING AND BINDING:



BIND THE STRING RATHER TIGHTLY (PRACTICE WILL SHOW YOU HOW MUCH) AROUND THE AREA YOU WANT TO RETAIN BLACK. MORE THAN ONE LAYER IS MOST OFTEN NEEDED.

SUBMERGE IN A CONTAINER OF UNDILUTED BLEACH—MAKE SURE THE FABRIC IS COMPLETELY IMMERSSED. KEEP THE FABRIC IN BLEACH UNTIL THE EXPOSED AREA HAS LIGHTENED TO THE DEGREE YOU WANT—THE FABRIC WILL BE LIGHTER WHEN DRY. BE CAREFUL NOT TO KEEP SUBMERGED TOO LONG AS EXCESSIVE BLEACHING WILL WEAKEN THE MATERIAL.

RINSE UNDER RUNNING WATER, SQUEEZING OUT AS MUCH BLEACH AS POSSIBLE. REMOVE THE STRING AND RINSE THE FABRIC THOROUGHLY, WRING OUT, ROLL IN TOWEL TO REMOVE EXCESS MOISTURE AND IRON DRY.

THESE ARE THE BASIC INSTRUCTIONS. THERE ARE MANY EXTENSIONS OF ALL THE STEPS, FOR EXAMPLE, THREAD OR TWINE CAN ALSO BE USED FOR DIFFERENT EFFECTS IN BINDING. OTHER COLORS OF FABRIC CAN BE USED, BUT TEST A SAMPLE OF THE MATERIAL AND THE COLOR BEFORE BUYING LARGE AMOUNTS OF CLOTH. SOME FABRICS AND COLORS DO NOT BLEACH OUT WELL. THE FORMS OF TIEING FABRICS IS EXTENSIVE—BUNCHING THE MATERIAL AND BINDING, CONTROLLED PLEATING, TIEING THE FABRIC INTO KNOTS ARE A FEW EXAMPLES. CIRCLES ARE MADE BY BRINGING THE MATERIAL TO A POINT AND BINDING.

STICHES IN FABRIC, DRAWING UP THE EXPERIMENTING, PLANNING, AND SHOW THE MOST CREATIVE RESULTS.



MORE ELABORATE AND CONTROLLED PATTERNS CAN BE MADE BY PUTTING RUNNING THREADS, AND BINDING.

LEARNING HOW TO CONTROL THE BLEACHING BY THE VARIOUS METHODS OF TIEING WILL

TIE-BLEACH FABRICS CAN BE USED FOR WALL-HANGINGS, PILLOWS, ANYTHING YOU ARE ABLE TO CREATE WITH YOU HEAD AND HANDS.

A GOOD BOOK ON TIE-DYING AND TIE-BLEACHING IS TIE AND DYE AS A PRESENT DAY CRAFT BY ANNE MAILE, PUBLISHED BY MILLS AND BOON LIMITED, LONDON.

ANY QUESTIONS OR INTERESTING RESULTS YOU WANT TO PASSON WRITE TO MARCIA % THE SEED.

Continued from page 7

Beware! This thinking grows out of the same processes that are at the foundation of our governmental system. We must be clear that **THE MEN ARE NOT THE ENEMY**, but in fact are potential allies. Many of them are already fighting for the liberation of their sisters. You see, it's in their interest, too. It's in everyone's interest ('cept the Pig-mentality, a course). Men understand that what ~~they~~ don't need is a woman that only depends on them, but a woman that can be depended upon, in more meaningful places than ~~the~~ kitchen and the bedroom. They want and need REAL companionship, just as we do. Not just someone to talk to, but someone to talk with.

About the new society we want to happen. We've all got to do our part in building that world. It's a cop-out not to contribute toward it. It's a cop-out to sit back while puritanical absurdity is replaced by exploitative obscenity: Extra! Extra! **WOMEN ARE SEX OBJECTS**—everything has its price, everything is for sale... keep the economy stable!

Many women convince themselves over a period of time that they actually enjoy and are perfectly happy to be The American Woman. Well, superficially they may be, but it's a false consciousness. Our own oppression is not in our own interest (of course not!), but it does exist and is perpetrated for very definite reasons. It does materially benefit this capitalist-imperialist system under which we live (and I mean "under") in a very real way. The role that women play today is central to the economic survival of this power structure. For a start—

1. Women are a cheap labor force. They do the same job — they get paid less; much less.
2. Women are also a reserve labor force. Homemaker when that's convenient, but ready and able to work in a crisis situation, as strike-breakers or when the men are "offed" to war.
3. Women are consumers. They purchase the products and services that maintain and sustain the family. They decide (or is it decided for them?) the needs of the family. Any way you turn, someone, somewhere is

telling you what you need, how bad you need it, what you want and what you just HAVE TO HAVE. Of course the alternative to not having these items is being unloved, don't have no class (that's what we're trying for), undesirable, etc., etc. Good ol' U.S. propaganda.

Advertising — a specialized kind of mind-bending. As easy as 1, 2, 3.

Well, I've decided not to let THEM count down my life for me. I'm going to do that Myself.

We women must be the ones to liberate ourselves. We have to fight for our liberation or we won't get it. It could be that male supremacist attitudes and practices are the only manifestation of this super-system that you feel affects you personally. If you understand what that grows out of it will give you a Very Interesting insight into the struggles which other oppressed people, inside America and around the world, are waging.

The discrimination that women are subjected to is in some ways very similar to that of black people (separate Johns, for example—very basic). Both are not only culturally intimidated by supremacist attitudes, but also economically exploited. We don't receive the same pay for the same work. We don't have equal educational opportunities. We are hopelessly discouraged and systematically denied from going beyond a certain level of "enlightenment". Very few blacks or women hold highly technical or managerial positions.

All of this doesn't just "happen" — neither racism nor oppression of women. It's the planned, systematic, fiendish nature of the game that makes it so difficult to deal with.

We must fight for the liberation and freedom of all oppressed people... be Freedom Fighters... be Revolutionaries.

Women's Liberation is a revolutionary concept which won't be a reality until the revolution and until much work is done after it. But we must act it out as best we can, even while the shit comes down around us, because we must have a sense, and be able to bring that to others, of what we want it to be about.

We can look to the Vietnamese women as a prime example — to quote Eldridge: "not the weaker half, not the stronger half, but the other half" of the Vietnamese men.

Call me at 248-2018 if you want to look into things.

Linn





Dear Dr. Schoenfeld,

The recent publicity about DDT has got me scared. I'm expecting a baby in a few months and, until recently planned on breast feeding the child. But I've been reading that a mother's milk contains dangerously high levels of DDT.

One report even stated that if cow's milk had such high levels, it would be declared unsafe. Would I endanger my future child by nursing it?

ANSWER: A recent study has shown that the DDT content of mother's milk may exceed amounts of the pesticide permitted in cow's milk.

But weighing the benefits of breastfeeding against the unknown dangers of DDT contamination, I would still encourage you to nurse your child. And to join conservation groups working to control this kind of contamination.

The Do It Now Foundation is a tribe of ex-speed and other freaks who educate realistically about drugs. One of their pamphlets quotes poet Allen Ginsberg:

"Let's issue a general declaration to the underground community, contra speedamos ex cathedra. Speed is anti-social, paranoid making, it's a drag, bad for your body, bad for your mind, generally speaking, in the long run uncreative and it's a plague in the whole dope industry. All the nice gentle dope fiends are getting screwed up by the real horror monster Frankenstein speedfreaks who are going around stealing and bad-mouthing everybody."

The Do It Now tribe has produced a record in order to raise funds for their drug education activities. First Vibration contains cuts by the Animals, the Beatles, Buffalo Springfield, The Byrds, Canned Heat, Donovan, Jefferson Airplane, Jimi Hendrix, Ravi Shankar and others.

Copies of the album are available at \$3.00 each, post-paid, from Do It Now, 6230 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California, 90028.

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld,

I read the letter from the woman who thought waking up a loved one in the morning with the most intimate gesture of love was a "perversion." I wonder if she carries the same reservations about sex in the evening as she does in the morning.

# HIP POC CRATES

Sex is a goodness, a sharing. For example, this evening I went out to my favorite coffee shop, where I am well known. One of the waitresses came over to my table, smiled, placed her hand on my shoulder and asked how I was.

I was tired and had a headache, but from that moment I felt fine. What made the difference? Sex. Here was an act of intimacy between a man and a woman. A sharing of friendship, a smile, the touch of a hand. I speak here of that same kind of love that every church advocates in the command to "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

Why don't we try to make things better? We are. What her husband was offering was a token of love.

Only when we realize that "what was good enough for my mother" is not necessarily good enough for us, will we have a chance for this better world she is asking for.

## MILK IS NOT FOR SHOOTING

Injecting anything into the veins can be extremely hazardous. Bad reactions can result not only from the impure substances used but also from the needle if it has been used by another person. The virus of serum hepatitis is not killed by boiling water. The incubation period of the disease may be as long as six months. Thus many people may be infected by one needle before symptoms appear in any one of them.

Hepatitis is a serious disease which affects the liver. The symptoms are fatigue, nausea, possibly vomiting, dark colored urine, light colored stools, and yellowing of the skin and whites of the eyes.

Dick Fine, a resident in internal medicine at the U of C Medical Center in San Francisco, reports the case of a 14-year-old girl advised by "friends" to shoot up milk to cure a bad heroin high. Folklore among junkies has it that intravenous milk is good treatment for bum "smack" or heroin. But milk is for drinking, not shooting.

The girl was brought to San Francisco's Mission Emergency Hospital near death. Pink froth was bubbling from her lungs. When an emergency tracheotomy (an opening in the windpipe) was performed, pink foam sprayed 40-feet in the air. The girl remained in the intensive care unit of the hospital for two weeks. Milk injected into the veins causes defects in the clotting of blood and fluid to accumulate in the lungs.

## SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

POSTERS  
RECORDS  
UNDERGROUND  
PAPERS  
RECORDS  
BUBBLE GUM  
RECORDS  
TAPES  
RECORDS  
LIGHT SHOW  
EQUIPMENT  
RECORDS  
STEREO EQPT  
RECORDS  
PAINTS

OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK  
12 A.M. to 12 P.M.  
6743 N. SHERIDAN RD.  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS  
TELEPHONE: 465-9820



## FOUR HEADS

BELL BOTTOMS  
BODY SHIRTS  
T-SHIRTS  
LEATHER VESTS  
AND JACKETS  
HAND MADE  
CANDLES  
WATER PIPES  
PAPERS  
INCENSE  
VERDE BOOTS  
GLASSES  
HARPS  
JEWELRY  
IMPORTED PIPES

OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK  
12 A.M. to 12 P.M.  
6744 N. SHERIDAN RD.  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS  
TELEPHONE: 465-9841



We try our hardest to get all we can on this page...If you want your thing included it doesn't cost anything. Call or write The Seed % Terry at 2551 N Halsted, or 929-0133.

# CALENDAR

The Blue Gargoyle is closed for the CADRE pot luck dinner info call CA DRE Sat between 11-7 664-6895

Museum of Science & Industry 9:30-4 daily Sun 10-6 Free to get in but some of the neat things inside cost maybe as much as 50 cents.

The Art Institute is free open daily 10-5 pm Thurs 10-8:30 Sun 1-6 Michigan Ave at Adams St.

The Oxymoron at the First Church of Lombard, Main & Maple features food drink, music discussion & people Weds & Fri 8:30 to 11:30 50 cents;

TUESDAYS Draft counseling at the Feed-store 2464 N Lincoln 8-10pm

FRIDAYS Cental YMCA holds social dances 9 to midnight Farwell Hall 19 S Lasalle Open to the public admission is 75 cents

FREE LECTURES given at the Loop Scientology Center. WEDS Write for free tickets to Wm. J Emas 2439 S Ridgeway Chicago Ill 60623

Street Theater Workshops at the Wellington Church 615 W Wellington every Weds nite at 8pm for political minded freaks who want to do their thing in the streets

WEDNESDAY poetry readings at Alices Restaurant 9pm til midnight or til 10:30 if Alices open..

WEEKENDS Harper Theater Coffee House Revue of improvisation & satire by the New Old Fashioned Players. every Fri&Sat 9-1am Folk, bluegrass, balladeers also featured.

WEEKENDS Geja's Wine & Cheese Cafe features Tomas, flamenco guitarist on Fri& Sat nites 1248 N Wells 9:30-1:30 No Cover Charge

Myopia Coffee House Wed, Theater, poetry movies, Fri, Sat, sun all types of Musical entertainment \$1.50 males \$1 females coffee, tea, or cider, pastries 8pm 8344 Niles Center Road.

TUESDAYS discussions at The Door 31 24 N Broadway Also occasional poetry readings, chess & cards provided Now open every night.

CAFE PERGOLES 3404 N Halsted coffeehouse, bridge, chess, local artists gallery baroque music. Nightly 6-12 Sat & Sun til 1am No cover no minimum

Music at the Tuna Fish 1700 Maple (The Old Student Union) in Evanston For now it's Saturdays only 7:30-12:30

ITS HERE 6455 N Sheridan Rd Coffee house with folk singers and satirists. Daily 8-1am Fri & Sat til 2am \$2.50

ALI COFFEE HOUSE folksinging Fri & Sat nites, Weds Hootenany nite Nightly from 7:30 Closed Mon; Weds costs 75 cents Fri & Sat cost \$1 4315 W 63rd Call 767-7154

TUESDAYS Poetry workshops at the Bookstore/Storefront from 8-10pm 25 cents 2478 N Lincoln

Rahabs coffee house, 1649 N Wells, coffee, cider, chocolate, music discussion poetry only 50 cents on weekends.

9th Way Coffee House 116 S Michigan Rm 1108 8pm Fridays.

New Sphere Coffeehouse 104th & King Dr Sept 5th Monterey Hand. Sunday nites 'Newsreel films' The Backway Coffeehouse has closed and is under new management.

## MUSIC

Chicago Blues Scene  
South Side (bars, you must be 21)

Burning Spear 55th & State  
Turners 39th & Indiana  
Peppers 43rd & Vincennes  
Therasas 48th & Indiana  
I Spy 500 W 63rd  
Club DeLisa 56th & S State  
Blue Flame Oakwood & Cottage Grove

### West Side Soul

Chantay 4654 W Madison  
Eddie Shaw's Lounge 4423 W Madison  
L & A 1422 So Pulaski  
Walton's Corner S Roosevelt & Washtenaw  
1815 Club Annex 1815 W Roosevelt  
Licking Stick 1700 W Roosevelt  
Sportman's Roosevelt & Kedzie  
Key Largo Roosevelt & Damen  
Flamingo 2500 W Roosevelt  
\*\*\*\*\*

For the latest blues happenings drop by the Jazz Record Mart 7 W Grand and they'll tell you who's where.....

AACM Concert every Weds 8pm at the Hyde Park Art Center 5236 S Blackstone Donation \$1.25 for info call 955-9542

Super jam sessions every Weds nite at 8:30 All musicians welcome, bring your own equipment. Set groups Fri & Sat adm 50 cents to \$1 House of Omar 43 E Dormer on the boardwalk in Aurora call 896-8796

The Jazz Institute presents concerts Sun days at the North Park Hotel, \$2.50 adults, \$2 students with ID

So Side Jazz every Weds 9-4am Josephines Pumpkin Room 2015 E 71st Call 288-9331

First TV special Simon & Garfunkel CBS TV Sunday November 30

Teeny idols, Paul Revere & The Raiders will give a concert Nov 9th at the Auditorium Theater 3:30 tickets available thru 22nd Century Productions and cost \$6.50 to 3.50

ROCK CANTATAS  
Sun...City In A Swamp (5&6pm), Liberation (7:30 & 9pm)  
Mon...City In A Swamp (8pm)  
Liberation (9pm)  
at the Center for New Music 2259 North Lincoln Ave

Nov 21 Glen Yarborough 8:30pm Orchestra Hall  
Nov 21 The Band 8:30pm Auditorium  
Nov 22 Three Dog Nite and the Turtles 7 & 10:30 pm Auditorium  
Nov 23 Janis Joplin 7:30pm Auditorium Theater

\*\*\*\*\* All of the above concerts are presented by 22nd Century Productions, 70 W Hubbard, cost is \$6.50-3.50 for tickets send a self addressed envelope to 22nd.

## THEATER

Basement Repertoire theater is always trying to get new people in. If interested call Gary Trick at AU 7 5888 from 10am -6pm, 8pm-10pm

The Synthetic Theater gives free(donation) performances the 1st & 3rd Sun of each month 4pm Reservations please, call 332-5924

## YIPPIE takes over Second City Nov 10

A really out of sight theater is happening at 2356 N Lincoln The Kingston Mines Company presents The Serpent Fri-Sat Sun nites \$2 Call 525-9893 for info

Theater Workshops for the Modern Actor's Studio \$1.50 for each week= ly session Call 549-1002 for more information

Second City Childrens Theater 1616 N Wells 'Land of the Stage' 2:30pm Sat & Sun \$1 Call 337-3992

New Theater Workshop offers a complete program of progressive theater education for children & teenagers 2360 N Lincoln Ave Call 281-0111 or 549-0594 for info.

Chicago Repertory Theater 778-9781

The Imagi Theater is a group of students interested in presenting all forms of artistic endeavor If interested in performing or organizing call 969-8287 or 629-0606

Thru Nov 23 "Soldiers" by Rolf Hach huth. This is the first play by Goodman Theaters all professional acting company.

Second City presents 'The Next Generation' very slick satire at 1616 N wells Fri 9& 11pm; Sat 8:30, 11, 1am; Sun 9pm; \$2.95 to 3.95 Call 337-3992 for info. Improvisations are still only \$1 Call for times.

FREE tickets for Nov & Dec performances of The Fantasticks and Our Town by the Jack & Jill Players 218 S Wabash Call WA 2-0317 for information

'Rumplestiltskin' a musical version at Goodman Children's Theater Sat 10am&2pm Sunday 2:30. 75 cents to \$1.75 Call CE 6-2337 for more information.

The Loves of the gods and goddesses is presented Tues thru Sat at the Body Politic 2259 N Lincoln. Tues-Thurs \$2 students and young people \$1, Friday \$2.50 all, Sat \$3 all. Tues-Sat 8:30pm Fri & Sat 8:30 & 10:30 Call 929-0474 for more information

Community Arts Foundation will be conducting Theater Games at 615 W Wellington Call 525-1052 for info.

## FLICKS

CINEMATEQUE '69 at the Chgo Illini Union 828 S Wolcott Ave (corner of Polk Street) 8pm \$1.50, students 75 cents  
Nov 7 Films by Bruce Baillie, To Parsifal, Tlang, Castro St, All My Life, also films of Scott Bartlett; Valentin De Las Sierras, Metanomen, Off-On, Moon 69.  
Nov 21 Films by the Kuchar Brothers George Kuchar: Hold Me While I'm Naked Masholu Holiday, Knochturn.  
by Mike Kuchar: Green Desire, The Craven Sluck.  
For more info call Judy at 644-6824 or Barry at 663-7780

NOV 9 'Battle of Algiers' at Northwestern University, Fisk Hall Rm 217, 1845 Sheridan rd Evanston, 4:00, 7:00, 9:15 Call 492-5300 for more info.

Really fine films, some 1st Chicago showings can be viewed at The Los Angeles Coliseum Theater 1653 N Wells \$2 Call Gene at 337-4750 for info.

American Revolution Two filmed by The Film Group during and after the 1968 Democratic Convention is now showing at the Aardvark Theater 1608 N Wells, 7:00, 8:45, 10:30

Muddy Waters is recuperating at Carl Hospital in Champaign, Illinois, that's all the address you need and he would really dig hearing from you. Champaign is a drag.

## SPECIAL

YIPPIE!!! nite at Second City Nov 10, 8pm til ? Donation \$2 Come & be a part of Yippie Costumes, light show, fun, games flick and conspiracy capers!

Nov 8 College of Complexes 105 W Grand 9pm 'Young Immigrants Ruined Palestine' by Hasaan Abdelleh, director of Arab Information Center in Chicago \$1  
Nov 15 Attorney Ralla Klepae will speak on 'America's Most Persecuted Minority' her opinions acquired from representing the homosexual in need of legal counsel.

## COMMUNITY

CRAP  
Citizens Revolt Against Pollution Call 334-3640 for info.

People Against Racism is working for Conspiracy if you want to help call 243-2205 or 583-2992

Saturdays Women for Peace Vigil on east side of State St between Madison & Washington 11am to 1pm

SCLC (Operation Breadbasket) has a free breakfast program every morning Mon-Fri 7-10am at St Anna Church 55th & LaSalle Sts and also at Christ the King Lutheran Church 3700 Lake Park If you want to help call Mrs Bell at 723-2226

## ART

Thru Dec 7 at the Art Institute 'Rembrandt After 300 Years' more than 200 paintings & drawings plus more than 100 works by his students.

THE CROWD is a group exhibition of sculpture, paintings and graphics from the US Europe & Chicago. Created by 12 artists, the subjects are a multitude of people, faces & figures in a wide range of color, size & media. Mon - Sat 9:30-6pm at the Arts Club on Ontario St Thru Nov 29.

The African Art Festival presents an exhibit of traditional African sculpture, wall hangings & hand painted works of contemporary Africa Recordings of 'Dark Continent' provide background music for continuous screenings of movies on African dancing. Thru Nov 12 at Evanston Art Center 2603 Sheridan Road, Evanston.

## CONTINUING

After Malvina Reynolds performance at The Quiet Knight, the QK will close and move to 953 W Belmont watch the calendar for reopening.

THE CENTER utilizes Eastern & Western ways and "non-ways" in the development of the human soul. For reservations write or call 140 N State 641-5695

SUNDAY Sings at the Old Town School of Folk Music 909 W Armitage Special guest featured weekly FREE cal= 1 525-7472

Broken Wall Coffee House discussions speakers, special presentations 5203 N Kimbal Nightly 8-11 Fri & Sat 8:30-12 Closed Mondays.

Earl of Old Town  
Live Folk Music 1615 N Wells  
Really fine music and folks 9-4am





Dear Seed People:

I just got through reading the last issue, still warm from being in the middle of a bundle, hurried back from Wisconsin. Despite the troubles you mention a couple of times in the paper, it's a good looking issue.

But . . .

God da-mn, it's full of drivel. If I take you-all seriously, this is the age of McLuhanism, the non-word, the instant communication, the everybody's hip time. But the paper denies that. The review of *EASY RIDER*, for instance - nearly two pages long - and all it says is WOW! Why not do that? Why spend all the time and money putting together that article? I mean, what's this sentence about - "They ride cross-country side by side from Los Angeles to Louisiana (and from Mardi Gras out into cosmic space) on two of the most elegant, most opulently appointed motorcycles you'll ever see." Is it about the motorcycles, or about riding across the country, or about the cosmic space? And that sentence is the last one in the paragraph, and it feels like it's summing up the graph. But the summation is like the rest of the review, a great big marshmallow, all sticky and gooey, sugar, water and air.

I get the same feeling out of the article on Abbie Hoffman's latest money maker for the Conspiracy - WOW! *ABBIE'S MY BROTHER! IT'S A GREAT REVOLUTION!* - but you never tell me how or why. I mean, I got brothers in the revolution, they don't include Abbie Hoffman, but I got them because we seem to and try to be fighting the same fight the same way. But how is the Seed like Abbie, or how is Abbie like the Seedlings? Because they both have words that include revolution?

And the greatest amount of just words, that didn't seem to have much meaning was in the stuff about the Weathermen. I mean, yes, they did fight the pigs - but they also managed to get into the area of the Loop to do it that contains the greatest number of people on a Saturday. And yet no one bothered to express any concern about what, if anything, happened to all the shoppers. Sure, they fought the cops. But so did Al Capone. And I sure don't think he was any harbinger of revolution. I mean, what was the concrete reality of that day, in regard to all the people, not just the Weatherman to the movement or to the Seed or to me, but to the folks that they, the Weathermen, claim they're trying to liberate? What it sounded like to me was vamping on the people, not on the pigs. I mean, why did the Weatherman contingent dress like shoppers to get to their rendezvous point? Why not like pigs? There certainly sounds as though there were enough pigs around so that they couldn't have all known each other - why use the people as the disguise? So that the pigs would pick out shoppers at random to hit on?

I guess that what I'm talking about is that the strategy - the real politics - of any of these things was not discussed. I mean, the politics of the Weathermen is, on

one superficial level, that of anti-imperialism. That is that they talk like they're anti-imperialist. But imperialism isn't just a great abstract ugly sooty thing that encompasses folks; it is real, it has means and reasons and ways of acting. It forces the great mother into inflationary spirals that hurt working people most - less real money to buy more expensive necessities like food, as some seedlings may know very well. So why pick on the people, when the ruling class is already doing that quite well? People don't accede to imperialism because they have any choice that really counts in this country right now, they merely earn what amounts to a living and try to live on it and try to fight for more. But the weathermen aren't fighting imperialism by smashing windows of cars - or even smashing the windows of the (long empty) old Union Pacific office. They're fighting symbols that mean nothing to anyone, most of all themselves. So they got Elrod. Someone was bound to one of these days - maybe it would have been better to let one of his neighbors get him, he was almost as obnoxious to them as to us.

Mostly, though, I'm concerned about the contents of the paper. And the articles on the Weathermen seem to me to be symptomatic of that content - they both avoid talking about the real things that we're all supposed to be concerned with - our relationship with just plain folks - and how we can make that much better, so that there can be a real revolution.

Anne O'Brien

Anne O'Brien was the editor of *The Bridge*, a Chicago underground paper, published in 1967.

Dear Anne,

Your letter is thoughtful, incisive and welcomed. It contains the kind of friendly criticism we all need here at the Seed. So let me respond. . .

At times there IS "drivel" in the Seed. I agree with your appraisal, specifically, about the Easy Rider article. (Let me make it clear that I am speaking for myself, not as the Seed's collective voice, not as the "Editor," as that term is generally understood in journalism). Easy Rider is a youthful statement of our malaise. It is nonverbal - that is, it seems to me that Hopper and Fonda were unable or unwilling to articulate their feelings. "Get it together" does not define the "it" toward which we struggle. Miller Francis' review, which we reprinted from Atlanta's *Great Speckled Bird*, is in the same idiom as the movie... it is like Kerouac's earliest "Wow!", and unlike his later, wiser "I am the tree, the tree is me, there is no difference between me and the tree" - a statement which helps me to define "It" and to define "Thing". Captain America and Billy were gunned down on a Southern highway, but we still are living here, and we have to learn every day how to endure, and to communicate our means of enduring.

The Seed is a collective attempt to communicate these means. Within the Collective there are individuals. These individuals are each struggling to find a way through their own mind-mud. At the same time, we are struggling to create Community. If the Seed does nothing else, it at least honestly reflects our individual and collective conflicts in living a humane life while surrounded by war, materialism, and injustice. If we here at the Seed - ranging in age from 16 to 30, from high school dropout to ex-college professor, from music-freak to literary-type, from street-fighter to druggy-isolationist - if we can bring our 28-pages out every two weeks to show others that we too struggle and understand and feel alienated and look for ways to take action against the injustices ... and still continue to endure, than we can feel proud of the paper.

When there is "drivel" in the Seed it is because one of us has drivel in the mind. When we are not as analytical as you would like us to be, Anne, it is because the flash of the moment did not lead us to analysis or reflection. When we are brilliant in our graphics or text or layout, it's because we're feeling fine. Hopefully, the Seed is very much like an old man's view of sex: "when it's good it's good, and when it's bad it's good."

One last word, Anne - why don't you write for the Seed? Add your voice to ours, and watch the Community grow.

Marshall Rosenthal

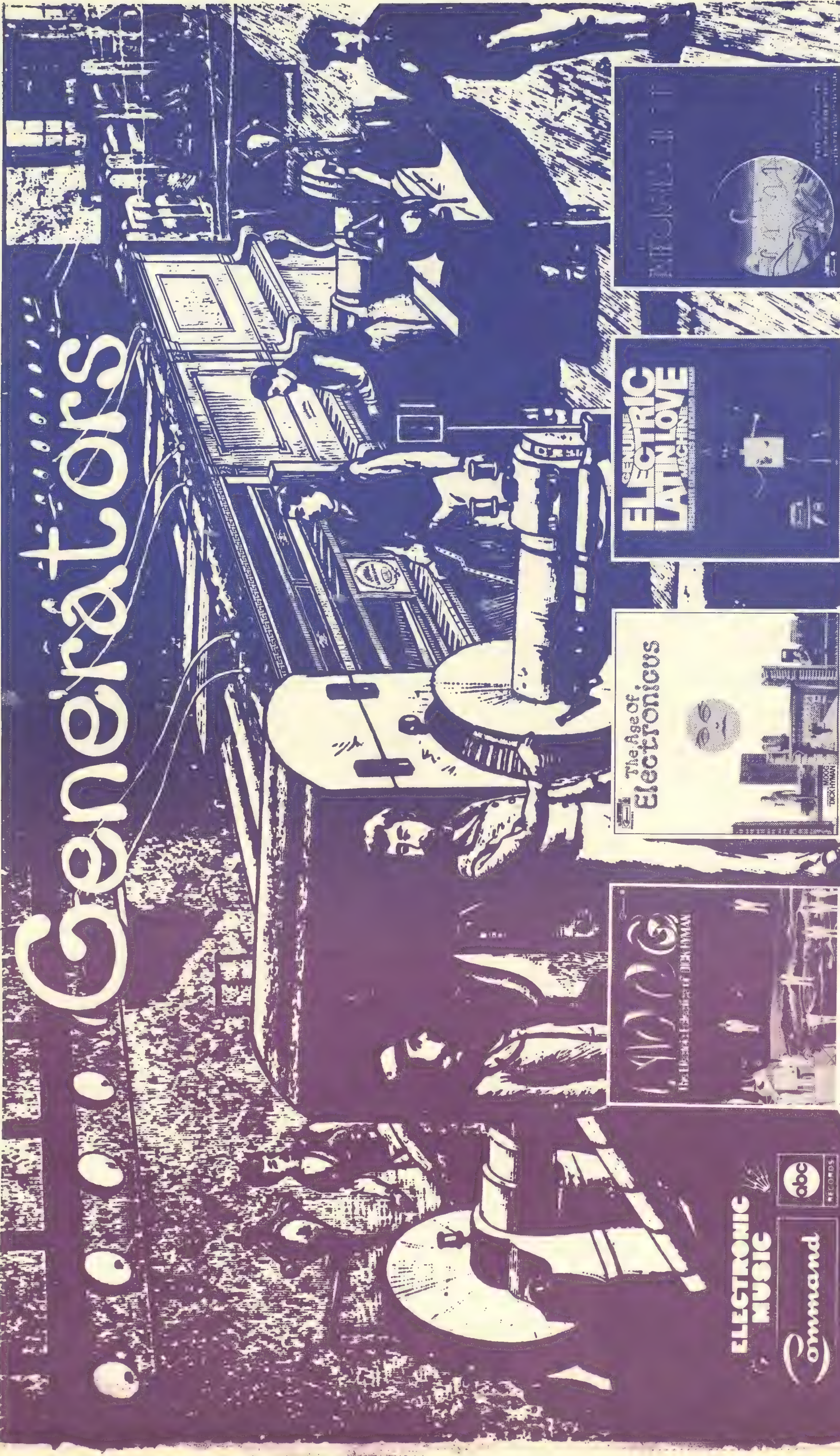
Dear Seed:

On the cover of your recent issue you ridicule installment buying and American materialism. But don't you realize that credit buying is terribly important and necessary to the average American, and that material acquisitions are the most important elements in the "American dream." And who says that the American dream is no longer attainable. Not true! Only today I saw concrete evidence that it is still a possibility. The S & H Green Stamp Catalogue shows that a family can have a \$50,000 apartment in New York city for a mere one million books of S & H Green Stamps. Now isn't this something for the average American family with a \$6,000 annual income and a materialistic outlook to set as their goal for the ultimate in materialistic acquisitions. But what the S & H people do not mention is that this average American family would have to get green stamps on every purchase and every service from the nickle spent in a pay-toilet to the payment of income-tax -- and then it would take him a mere 22,000 years to accumulate enough stamps for his dream apartment. Now, if only he could buy a few extra thousand years of life on the installment plan.

Very truly yours,  
Manuel Parra



# Generators



**ELECTRONIC  
MUSIC**



**Command**



Moog—The Electric Eclectics of Dick Hyman (938-S)



The Age of Electronics—Dick Hyman (946-S)



Genuine Electric Latin Love Machine—Richard Hayman (947-S)



The Copper Plated Integrated Circuit—Walter Seer (945-S)



## LINEAR

A group of people gets together and each brings with him nine tons of impedimenta of past cause and effect. X is the son of so and so, went to Harvard, now is working at such and such, engaged to whatshername. If they are intellectual people, they are always putting things into a "historical perspective."

Art forms play intellectual games, cross-references to other art games, front-brain fillups and curliques, details are important; you can't over look the placement of a comma. Work is judged "good" or "bad" by the level of performance, i.e. the perfection of the style. Art is the possession of the specialist. The rest of us enjoy it as spectators.

## REPRESSIVE

## FRAGMENTED

A mask for every occasion; parent, lover, employee, boss, friend. People who slip from assigned or expected roles make other people uncomfortable and uptight. Rigid role definitions: girls don't climb trees, the boss doesn't sit on the floor in his office, a twenty-five-year-old shouldn't enjoy the company of a fifteen-year-old. Fragmented types have continuous "identity crises" (I don't know who I am) but continue to define people in terms of what they do. (banker, lawyer) or what they are to others (housewife, boss).

## EXPLOSIVE (center-margin)

Things come together in centers. The word comes out from the Center. The big wigs fly in to New York for a conference.

## SADO-MASOCHISTIC

Mrs. X hates her husband. She hates him because she hates being a woman. She hates being a woman because, the way sex roles are defined by our glorious Western civilization, a woman is a pretty lousy thing to have to be. If she is old-fashioned, she gets even with her husband by not wanting to fuck very much; if she's new fashioned, she lets him know in a million little ways that he's not man enough to make her come. Mr. X isn't interested in sex, he's interested in rape, a device to prove to himself over and over again that he's not really a powerless little boy. In his fantasies (which scare the shit out of him) he's either an axe murderer or the axe murderer's victim. Mr. and Mrs. don't see their kids as people but as tools to be used in the continuing war against each other. Their kids will be fucked up.

## TOP DOWN

People get together, they immediately split into ranks, with some head honcho at the top to give orders. When they're stuck with a problem, they call in an expert.

## ALCOHOL

A man drinks booze. It comes down on his central nervous system like a dump truck load of mud. Things dull out. Anesthesia. He drinks because he's unhappy. He doesn't know why he's unhappy, but he knows his life is boring and stupid. If anybody asks, he says, "That's the way things are." If he's working class, he sometimes tries to relive his lost boyhood (time of dreams and good health) by getting in a fight in a bar. If he's middleclass, he just drives his car into a tree.

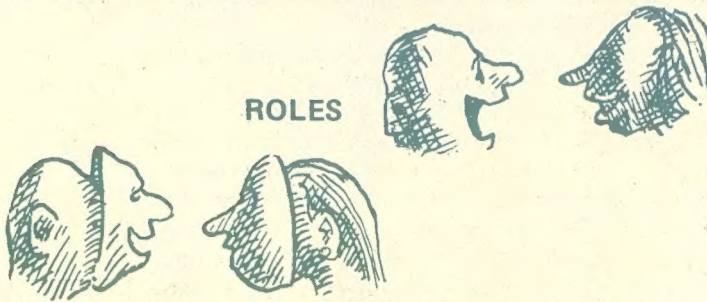
The most important thing is property.

## THINKING



People talk about issues of life style, and there is an automatic feeling in most of us for what they mean. "Yeah, that has to do with dope, rock and roll, sex, etc." I'd like to talk in fairly specific terms, about what I mean by issues of life style. I'll set up two poles around which constellations of modes of action tend to group; call one pole "creative", the other "repressive." These poles aren't descriptive, they're normative, an attempt to carry the psychological logic of either position to its implicit extreme. the repressive side towards its most repressive, the creative side towards its most creative.

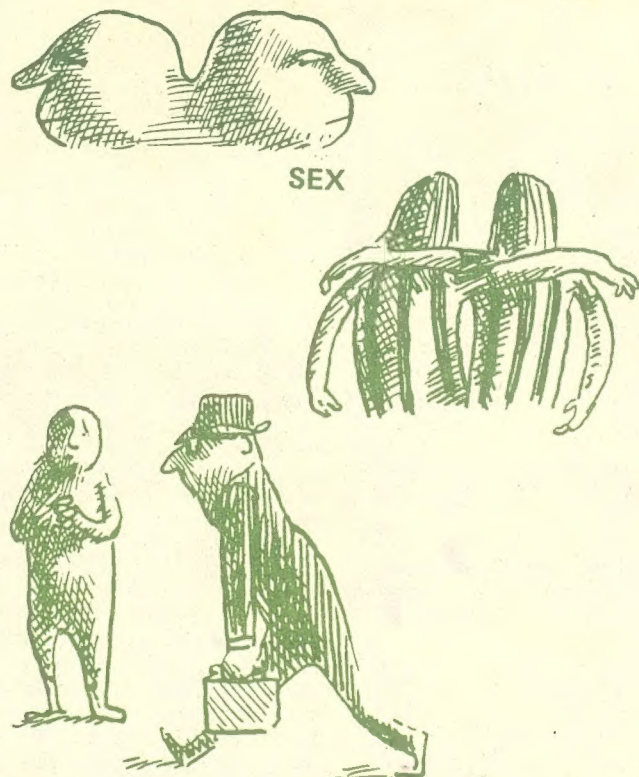
## ROLES



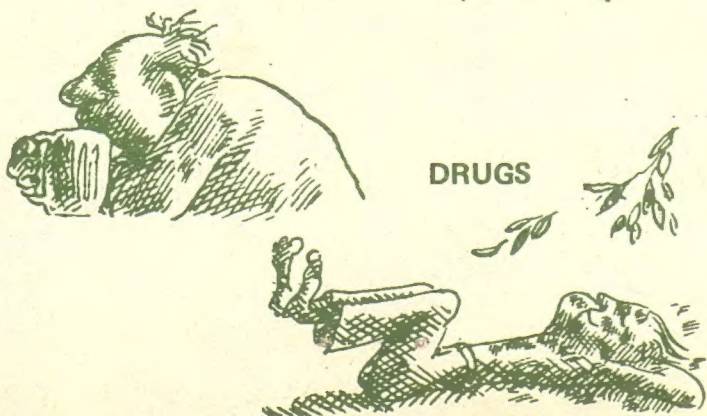
## COMMUNICATION



## SEX



## ORGANIZATION



## DRUGS

## VALUE

## SYNCHRONISTIC

A group of people gets together and nobody gives a shit what anybody else has been. What are you now, man? Nobody gives a shit where your money comes from or what you plan to "do with your life." What is interesting is that this particular group of people is together in this particular place at this particular time.

Art forms play emotional-physical-sensory games. Details are unimportant; the general effect of the whole is what counts. Many things going on at once; it is unnecessary to follow the details of any one thing. Things often put together as an "environmental background": hi-fi, TV, conversation. Work is judged "good" or "bad" by the intensity of the trip. No distinction between performer and spectator; art is something that happens with people all the time.

## CREATIVE

## INTEGRATED

A mask only when necessary (in the presence of hostile or possibly hostile people such as cops), but awareness that the mask is a con. A refusal to play roles or social games. Same behavior with a state senator as with a bowery bum. People defined by what they are, as people, right now.

## IMPLOSIVE (tribal)

The word gets out in all directions at once. (Underground papers, the grapevine of wanderers: "Heard what's going down in Berkeley, man?") No centers. No leaders. A sense of general community. ("Christ, man, I was home a while back, and there were freaks everywhere!") Meetings are accidental.

## ANDROGYNOUS

When you see John and Mary coming down the street, it might take you a long time to figure out which is the boy, which is the girl. They wear each other's clothes. When things have to get done, they don't give a shit about what is "women's work" and "man's work". When they go to bed, John reacts to Mary as a person, not to stockings, high heels, or eye shadow. Mary doesn't have to be punished before she can come. When one of them wants to fuck somebody else, that's cool, and nobody gets uptight. Sometimes they take a friend to bed with them. Sometimes they take a whole horde of friends to bed. Nobody fucks because of an obligation to do so or prove something. As long as they don't manipulate or use people, other's sexual trips are regarded as pretty much unimportant: "Yeah, man, he's a drag queen. That's his thing." John and Mary aren't perfect; when John comes on with heavy masculine bullshit, Mary lets him have it right between the eyes. John and Mary see their children as people (not as property or game objects). Their kids will be even freer, less "masculine" or "feminine" and more human than they are.

## BOTTOM UP

People get together, anybody wants to play leader, he gets shit on. They run into a problem, they figure out what to do about it. MODEL: One delegate, strictly mandated, sent out for dope.

## GRASS

A man gets together with his friends and smokes dope. He gets into his own head and his friends' head. He sees the social games that are going down, laughs at them, puts them in the perspective of stars, trees, grass, dogs, and cats. Fantasies, repressed odds and ends of his childhood, debris of the inner life drift by for examination. Free form associations. He gets a good night's sleep. When he wakes up in the morning, he hasn't got a hang-over.

The most important trip is people.



## APHRODISIACS

Induce sexual desire Rush \$2 Magic Box  
818CS Hollywood 90004

**SWEET DREAMS** Trip-out with Super  
High 100% legal Hash. 20 number lid  
3/\$5.00, 7/\$10.00 Guaranteed Send to  
CHRYSTALLIS Box 36241-CS Holly-  
wood California 90036

Underground Paper at New Trier West  
needs mimeo machine & misc supplies  
Call Joe at 251-7877

Progressive theater classes for children  
5-13 Summerhill type creat. helpers, act-  
ing, tech. all interested Cary 549-0594

## DYLANOLOGY

We would dig hearing from people with  
rare source material (TV radio, records,  
tapes, rare articles, etc) Call Dylan Arch-  
ives Collect 212-638-6515

## LETTER WRITERS

Don't answer an adult personal ad  
until you see what other people write.  
Dozens of hot letters answering AC/DC  
and straight ads placed by single girls  
and swinging couples just released (sent  
in plain wrapper) RUSH \$2 for The  
Letter File Box 36603-CS Hollywood  
90036

**TAKE A TRIP** Turn on with the "Famous  
Trip-Out Book" Sure-fire formulas to make  
hash from legal chemicals. Make peyote,  
DMT, cannabis, LSD, etc. Do it now!  
Send \$2 to TRIPS UNLIMITED Box  
36347CS Hollywood 90036

## FOR SALE

Framus Bass Guitar two pick-up, pretty  
red colour, good action, excellent con-  
dition, \$150. Call Rick= at the Seed  
929-0133.

Hippy beads for self stringing, buttons,  
(84 diff. 1968 political, 349 funny) de-  
cals, Buttons & bumperstickers made to  
order. Wholesale & retail. FREE catalog  
Suite 503-S, 160 W 46 St NYC 10036

The sexual underground how to join,  
wife swapping, group sex with pictures  
Rush \$2 to Orgies Box 337-CS Holly-  
wood 90048 or write for info.

**LEGAL HASH.** Turn-on guaranteed.  
Just like grass, cook or smoke it. \$2 lid  
makes 20 joints. 3lids/\$5, 7lids/\$10  
Hurry!!! Dealers wanted. WINNER Box 4  
8475-CS Hollywood 90048

Female models needed for photography  
\$40 per session Call 383-5228 7-10pm  
Weekdays only.

Male 30 desires masculine male, hairy  
chest, for occasional fun and games  
Box 359 % Seed

Superpot is better than marijuana!  
Stock up while still legal. Money back  
guarantee!! \$2 lid, 3-\$5, 7-\$10 F Kaleda  
Box 134-st Kent Ohio 44240

## NEW HIGH

Now you can really get off on something  
that is worth your time and bread. Super  
grass Gold is a very potent high. Up front  
Supergrass Gold will get you there or  
your money back. \$2 per lid, 3/5, 7/\$10  
Send to On The Spot, 907 N Harper  
Box 3 Hollywood Calif 90046 11  
Beware of imitation

Sensitivity training new introductory  
groups for interested parties are now for  
ming call 825-6198 or 561-3623 evenings

TRIAD is now on two stations from 9pm  
to 12 on WXXM radio 106 and from 12  
to 4am on WEBH radio 93.9



**DIG IT** — We have mixed feelings about  
running some of these ads, and, since most of  
them come in by mail, we don't get to see  
who actually puts them in. We cannot vouch,  
therefore, for the sincerity of legitimacy of  
them, and urge you to check things out before  
sending any bread to anyone, or sending any  
information even remotely incriminating.

If any of these ads result in a rip-off,  
please let us know.

If you are interested in placing an ad in  
the Seed, the classified rates are:

\$1 for the first 32 space line

\$.50 for every line thereafter

If you can convince Terry that your ad  
is a positive community service, then your ad  
will be free of charge. Movement ads are also free.  
Be honest. Be nice.

**ANYONE** interested in Free Store  
Free Restaurant, Communications Center  
anything else I might dig contact Phil  
at the People's Park or Young Coman-  
chero Office at 844 W Armitage.

The Conspiracy needs help, call to find  
out what you can do. 427-7773

Nicole wants to find Ralph — Call the Seed

Male, white 35 years old, 6'2", 190 lbs. wants  
to meet males or females any age, young or old  
for anything you like to do — Write only: Bob  
Thompson, 2516 N. Laramie, Chicago, Illinois

Young men and women wanted (Hippies and  
freaks welcome). Work 2 1/2 hours per weekday  
evening, five nights per week. Salary+bonus. No  
experience necessary. Apply at: Home Reader  
Service, 3945 W. North Ave., (at Pulaski Rd.)  
Apply between 3 & 5p.m. weekdays.

**THE PUSHER** wrote the GUIDE of TRIPS &  
HIGHS—homemade high formulas—Hundreds  
of kinds of dope & drugs— "A Head Book"  
Send \$2.95 to THE GUIDE, Box 5662(J),  
Buena Park, Cal. 90620

Young man needs money. Will do anything  
legit. Call 328-0343.

New Colonial Maple End Tables— Cheap—only  
\$30 pair. 929-1222 eves.

Turn on with low-cost psychedelic strobe-lights.  
\$30. Send for catalogue. Ritz, 3600 Pine Grove,  
Chicago, Illinois.

Vibrator— Battery powered, only \$4.95 Stimu-  
lates circulation, streamlined shape, use anywhere  
on body. Imports, 3600 Pine Grove, Chicago, Ill.

Share driving and expenses to Toronto, leave  
Nov. 25th. 662-2741 Waukegan.

Looking for a nude man? Find him with our photo  
sets, color slides, statues, physique art, and many  
other items. Please state you are 21 and send \$1  
for our brochures to: Northern Studios, Box 15071  
Minneapolis, Minn. 55415. Want to model? Write  
now!

Travelling (VW Bus) soon (maybe one week) west  
(Maybe east, north, or south—don't really care).  
Need chick for friend and navigator. Box VW %Seed.

Young advertising exec—big spender—wants  
swinging female companion during frequent  
trips to Chi. Jack Samuel, PO Box 178, St. Louis,  
Mo. 63166.

Term papers available in English, History, Classics,  
Poli Sci, etc.. For 3-page list, write: Box 1673,  
New York, NY 10001.

**GOING TO CANADA TO AVOID THE  
DRAFT?** You need the new April 1969  
edition of 'Immigration to Canada and its  
relation to the Draft' Single copies free  
from the Montreal Council to Aid War  
Resisters, Case Postale 5, Succ Wsmnt  
Montreal 215, Quebec Canada

## AQUARIAN ODYSSEY

A fantasmagoric light show of colorful swirling  
patterns. A "2001" spectacle in a bottle! By the  
creator of "Ocean in a Bottle". Only \$2. post-  
paid. (Dealers write for wholesale prices) You  
will dig or money back. Send to Merit Photo  
Supply, 4878 Lankershim No.6, North Holly-  
wood, Cal. 91601.

Fellow in his 20's wants right female friendship.  
I'm 5'7"-8", medium build, mixed Cauc., Neg.,  
Amer. Ind.. Fairly handsome, say acquaints. 8  
yrs. W. Indies bkground. Open mind, affect.type,  
considerate. Look well, live fairly well. Lived  
rather secluded before 21, rather shy. Independ.  
now, but no near or new friends. Alone, little  
soc. life, no desirable female friend. If 16-36,  
fairly attractive, interested, I'd be grateful to  
correspond, then meet: ME c/o SEED.

## OINK!

3 buttons, \$1. HeadStone, Box 1028C, Larchmont,  
NY.

Need diabolic chick with whom to ride through  
days and nights. Box ADD c/o Seed.

Make the scene in Wash. DC, Nov. 13-15. I will  
provide plane tickets and hotel space(shared)  
for up to 3 beautiful people(&me). Send name  
address, age(I'm 19), phone no., and photo to:  
Jay Jablinsky, 3428 N. Seeley, Chi.60618. Age,  
sex, race and looks don't count. "Winners" will  
know as soon as I do.

Pollution is killing you. New organization, Citizen's  
Revolt Against Pollution(CRAP, formerly PAP)  
meets every Sunday nite to rap research & decide  
what needs to be done. Got any ideas on how to save  
the world or info on some major cause of pollution?  
Call Rue(days) 281-2737 or Norm(Nites)334-3640  
for more info.

Girl looking for lesbian or bisexual chick for good  
physical and mental relationship. If interested, call  
Alice, 539-7354.

The Seed has some books and records that we'd  
like to lay on you. Drop by some time and scarf  
up a couple, eh?

The Seed needs another typewriter for the office.  
We also need another desk, chairs and a record  
player for those long, quiet nights. A typewriter  
table, even. And many thanks to those people  
that have helped us already.

For Sale— '62 Pontiac, \$50. Needs work. 549-3966.

Let your imagination run wild. A club specializing  
in experimental photography is now being formed.  
Contact Ray at Imagination Unlimited 248-2802  
Anytime.

Warning, Not for Freaks! Little Black Book (Mid-  
west), the singles dating magazine for straight singles  
only, deals in service, not sensation. Everyone  
wants to meet some new people. The Little  
Black Book just happens to be the safest, simplest  
and easiest way! On sale now, or send \$1 to:  
Suite 203-F, 408 W. Main St., Fairborn, Ohio  
45324 or write for Free info.

Uptight? Hip headshrinking to help you get it  
together. Student rates, near 'L'. Gil 383-5909.

Chicago bachelor, 33, looking for sophistica ted,  
attractive, strong girl who enjoys wrestling and  
play with successful writer. No bondage or pain,  
just fun. Jim 642-1693.

Hippy beads for selfstringing, buttons (84 diff.  
1968 political, 349 funny), decals, buttons and  
bumperstickers made to order, wholesale and  
retail. Free catalogue. Suite 503-S, 160 W. 46th  
St., NYC, NY 10036.

## Identification cards

For free samples & details send stamped, self-  
addressed envelope to: E.C.S.S.C., PO Box 12101  
Las Vegas, Nevada 89112.

## THE NEW YORK GI COFFEEHOUSE

PROJECT is tryin' to set up an informal  
meeting place for servicemen who need help  
while entrapped in the system. They are trying  
to offer counseling, legal aid, aid and space  
for base organizing, educational materials,  
information and a relaxed atmosphere where  
involuntarily uniformed brothers may meet.  
Funds are badly needed, and you can help  
carry the struggle inside the military monster  
by sending bread to: NYC GI Coffeehouse  
Project, 339 Lafayette St., New York, NY 10012.

J. Sapp Please call, reverse charges  
We love you...Dad & Mums

**SUPER-HASH:** an amazing new discovery that  
is guaranteed to get you high. 1 large dose/\$1.75,  
2 doses/\$3.00, 4 doses/\$5.00. Order from: R.  
German, 4525 Wilson Blvd., Arlington, Va. 22203

Blow Your Mind — Smoke nutmeg and other  
turn-ons. How to prepare and use, with details  
on mind-bending effects. Rush \$2.00 for your  
high to: Vibrations, Box 74607-CS, Hollywood,  
Cal. 90004.

Male, 35, Oriental, wants to meet other males  
for fun. Write Box JUK c/o SEED.

USA Renta Car 32 N State St Rm 1400  
Chicago phone ST 2-1813 Free cars ev  
erywhere in the USA

Attention Girls!! This is a great opportunity to  
meet well-educated and refined people from  
all over the world. If you are seriously interested  
and enjoy international music, dances and cul-  
ture, please call or write for more information:  
478-5054 — International Dating Service,  
5000 N. Troy St., Chicago, 60625.

Believe it or not fine radio is really  
happening in Chicago on WXXM from  
9 til midnite and continuing on to 4am  
on WEBH.

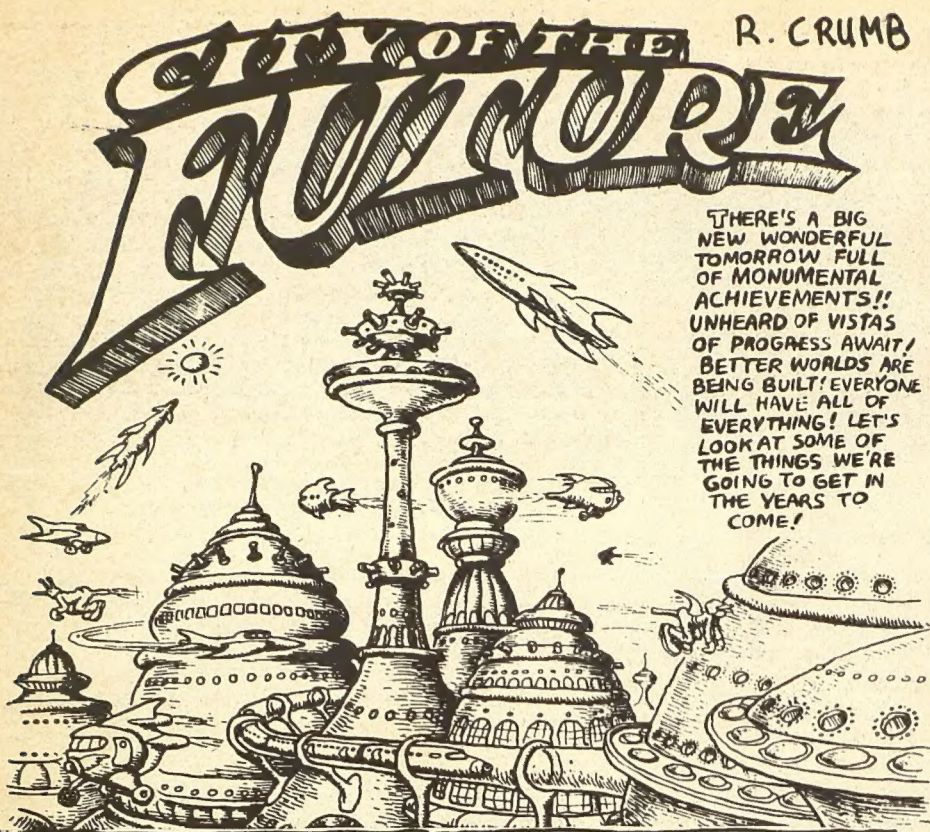
Need figure models. Bob Vandiver 828-0110.

Man needs help to divorce unfaithful wife; any  
contributions appreciated—will acknowledge  
same. Perhaps can help someone else sometime  
or do something now. Write Box ONG c/o Seed.

**SEXUAL FREEDOM LEAGUE, INC.**  
Chicago Area Chapter  
For information, write to: Sexual Freedom  
League, PO Box 9252, Chicago, Ill. 60690.

Looking for female for meaningful sexual  
relationship. 955-2993



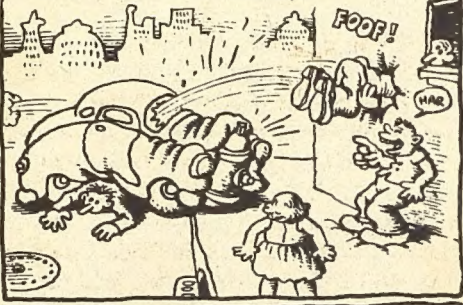


THERE'S A BIG NEW WONDERFUL TOMORROW FULL OF MONUMENTAL ACHIEVEMENTS!! UNHEARD OF VISTAS OF PROGRESS AWAIT! BETTER WORLDS ARE BEING BUILT! EVERYONE WILL HAVE ALL OF EVERYTHING! LET'S LOOK AT SOME OF THE THINGS WE'RE GOING TO GET IN THE YEARS TO COME!

YOU WON'T HAVE TO SHIT ANYMORE! BOWELS WILL BE REMOVED AT BIRTH AND A SANITIZING DISPOSAL UNIT INSTALLED. NEEDS EMPTYING ONLY ONCE A MONTH. NO MORE WORRY ABOUT SMELLY EXCREMENT! GOOD-BYE TOILET!!



BUILDINGS, CARS WILL BE SOFT PLASTIC. STREETS WILL BE SOFT PLASTIC. ACCIDENTS WILL BE A THING OF THE PAST. NOBODY WILL GET HURT ANYMORE!



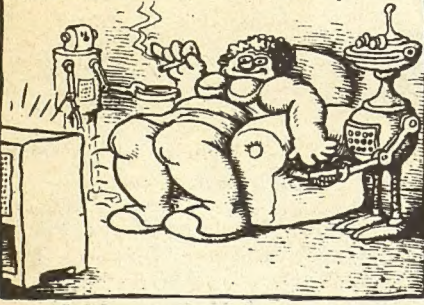
NO MORE HEAT AND COLD, NIGHT AND DAY. CITIES WILL HAVE ROOM TEMPERATURE ALL THE TIME. LIGHTING WILL BE SOFT, DIFFUSED. WARM SNOW FOR CHRISTMAS!!



EVERYONE WILL BE TUNED IN TO EVERYTHING THAT'S HAPPENING ALL THE TIME! NO-ONE WILL BE LEFT OUT. WE'LL ALL BE NORMAL!



NOBODY WILL WORK! ALL PRODUCTION, DISTRIBUTION AND MAINTENANCE WILL BE DONE BY COMPUTERIZED ROBOTS. PEOPLE CAN SPEND ALL OF THEIR TIME PLAYING, EATING, OR WATCHING TV!



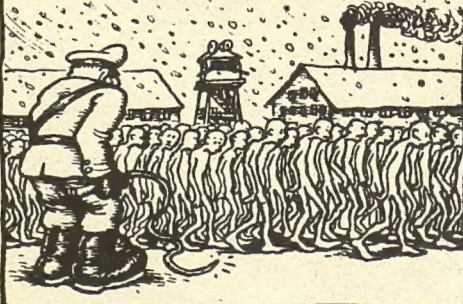
...OR, THEY CAN FUCK!! SPECIAL FUCKING ANDROIDS WILL BE AVAILABLE TO EVERYONE! SOCIAL PROBLEMS WILL DISAPPEAR. RISK OF INVOLVEMENT WITH THE OPPOSITE SEX WILL BE ELIMINATED!



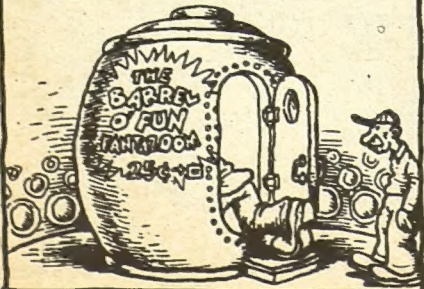
THE ANDROIDS WILL BE PUT TO OTHER GOOD USES. SADISTS CAN TORTURE THEM, CUT THEM UP, TEAR THEM TO PIECES!



MEN CAN BUILD THEIR OWN ARMIES, FIGHT THEIR OWN WARS, HAVE MASS EXECUTIONS, CONCENTRATION CAMPS, IF YOU PLEASE! ALL WITH ANDROIDS, WHO WON'T MIND A BIT!



IN FACT, YOU WILL HAVE THE WHOLE SPECTRUM OF EXPERIENCE AT YOUR FINGER TIPS. FANTASY MACHINES WILL MANUFACTURE ANY WORLD YOU ASK FOR IN A MATTER OF SECONDS!



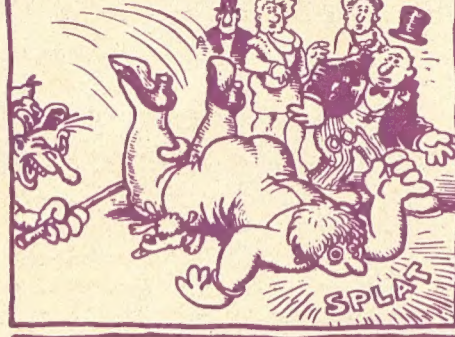
BE A LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER!



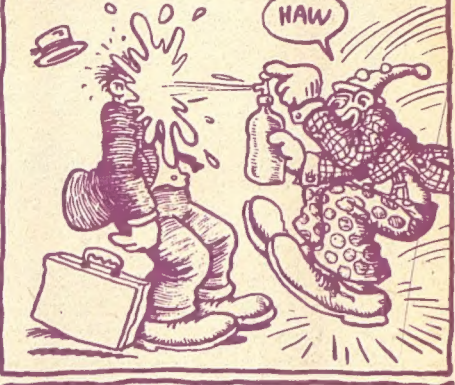
BE A SECRET AGENT!



JUST TO KEEP US ON OUR TOES, VAST ENTERTAINMENT NETWORKS WILL BE ORGANIZED THAT SPECIALIZE IN SURPRISE PRANKS! PEOPLE WILL GET TRIPPED!



CLOWNS WILL APPEAR OUT OF NOWHERE WITH Seltzer BOTTLES!



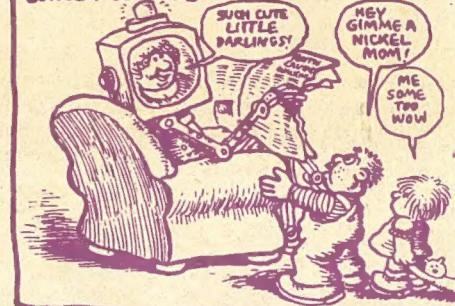
HOUSES WILL GET UP AND WALK AROUND! TREES WILL MAKE FACES! PEE! AN ORANGE AND SOCKO!



SOME OTHER ADVANCES: CLOCKS THAT YOU CAN HAVE PUT INSIDE YOUR HEAD SO THAT YOU'LL ALWAYS KNOW EXACTLY WHAT TIME IT IS!



BABY SITTING WILL BE DONE BY ROBOTS WITH TV HEADS THAT PLAY VIDEO TAPES OF MOM AND DAD. PARENTS WILL NO LONGER BE TIED TO THEIR CHILDREN!



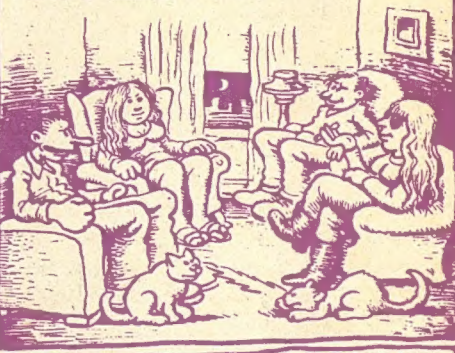
MANY NEW SPORTS WILL BE INVENTED! KIDS WILL RISK THEIR LIVES IN DANGEROUS ROCKET DRAG RACES. SOME OF THESE JOBS WILL GO AS FAST AS 25,000 MPH!!



THERE'LL ALWAYS BE THE SEARCH FOR THE BIGGER KICK! GUYS WILL PLAY 'CHICKEN' WITH SUICIDAL SOUPED-UP BODY ROCKETS!



OTHERS WILL JUST SIT AROUND ALL DAY PLAYING MIND GAMES!



ONCE A YEAR ALL THE OLD STUFF WILL BE GATHERED UP AND PUT INTO HUGE MACHINES WHICH WILL GRIND IT UP AND MAKE IT INTO NEW STUFF!



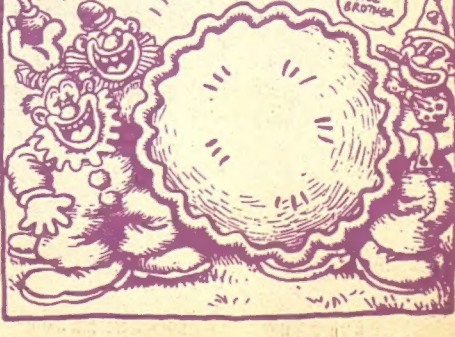
THE BED AS WE KNOW IT WILL BE REPLACED BY A SOFT, WARM, MOIST FOAM PLASTIC BLOB THAT YOU JUST DIVE INTO AND FALL ASLEEP WHILE IT UNDOULETS SLOWLY IN AND OUT AND SOOTHING, SWEET MUSIC PLAYS.



YES, EVERYTHING WILL BE BEAUTIFUL, BUT WE'LL STILL HAVE TO REGULATE POPULATION GROWTH. SO WHEN YOU'RE 65 THEY'LL COME LOOKING FOR YOU WITH A PIE...NOT JUST AN ORDINARY PIE!!



A CYNIDE PIE!! WHAT A WAY TO GO!!





Here, this, is it. The world as it is,  
is Heaven, I'm looking for a Heaven outside  
what there is, it's only this poor pitiful world  
that's Heaven. Ah, if I could realize, if I  
could forget myself and devote my meditations  
to the freeing, the awakening and the blessedness  
of all living creatures everywhere I'd  
realize that there is, is ecstasy."

Jack Kerouac

